YANK

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

5¢ JULY 22, 1942
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

JAPS TRIMMED TO SIZE

See Page 3

OUTWARD BOUND. *And they exit with a smile. U. S. Army nurses board a vessel at a homeland port, off to take care of you . . . and you. (Now soldier, remember she's not Babe, but "Miss").*

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MUM IS THE WORD—These Yank soldiers warned to keep their mouths shut when they moved out of camp back home, heard the same advice again at the Port of Embarkation and on board ship coming across the Pacific. Now as they land Down Under, the first thing they see is this Australian girl with her sign, Strongly Suggesting Silence. But, just the same, the Aussie miss, wearing a kerchief just like a Bryn Mawr babe or Kansas U. co-ed, probably heard plenty of requests for telephone numbers.

Love Note Kisses Mean Code — Not Kisses — To The Censor

WASHINGTON.—Byron Price, censorship director, got a letter from a young lady who complained that when she opened a letter from her soldier boy friend, all she found was a note from the censor.

"Your soldier still loves you," it said, "but he talks too much."

There are a number of things the censors frown upon. For one, this business of putting a bunch of X's at the end of a letter to denote so many kisses. Since they could be used as code, the scissors-man just cuts them.

Kisses Are Out

Another thing they don't like is the practice of putting initials on the envelopes. "SWAK" for "Sealed with a Kiss" is pretty well known, but one girl was called upon for an explanation of other unorthodox initials on her letters. Her explanation:

PPRLH—Postman, Postman, run like hell.

BOLTOP—Better on lips than on paper.

There was another girl who wrote to her soldier and must have made her love-talk strong. At the bottom of a letter she wrote a note to the censor: "This may be kind of mushy, but I love this soldier and you'll have to wade through every 'darling' and 'apple dumpling' in it."

One soldier, according to the censorship director's files, wrote to his family that he couldn't say much about Army life because his letters might be censored and the censor might be a spy.

Strict on Phoning

All mail communications addressed to Hitler, Hirohito and company are sent direct to the Washington censorship office. One recent letter, addressed to Japanese Admiral Yamamoto, said briefly: "Hello, Nosy."

Style Note: You Gotta Do Without Pleats in the Back

What the brand new and well-dressed soldier will wear in the near future is not quite what the well-dressed soldier has in his wardrobe today—and if you're still interested in reading this after having been warned quite plainly that it's about style, why go ahead, it's your eyesight.

You know that thing you should call a blouse, but usually call a coat or a jacket? Well, it has a pleated bi-swing back that billows somewhat ostentatiously when you bend your shoulders. Right? That trick was calculated, three years ago, to give the soldier greater ease of movement, and it did.

Well, let's all be prepared to say goodby to the pleats and the billows. To save wool, the War Department has ordered aforesaid pleated bi-swing back eliminated. The saving will be about an eighth of a yard on each coat, and that ain't hay. It's wool.

Study in Anatomy: Leathernecks to Shavetails

WASHINGTON—Under its new policy of obtaining men from the ranks to lead field forces, the Marine Corps has announced the promotion of 70 non-coms to second lieutenants. Such appointees are sent to schools either before or after they are awarded commissions.

Army Makes Big Draft Law Change To Aid Family Men

WASHINGTON—Selective Service Headquarters has announced big changes in draft regulations, making it much easier on married men with families.

From now on, single men will be called into the Army first and family men will be deferred as long as possible, even if the wives and children are not strictly dependent on them for support.

Under the old system, a husband was not deferred unless his dependents couldn't get along without his money.

But the new regulations make the family relationship as important as financial dependence. The Army doesn't want to cause unhappiness by separating married men from wives and children, if it can get enough soldiers from other sources.

All Bachelors First

Here's the order draft boards will observe in selecting future draftees:

1. Single men with no dependents.
2. Single men, with dependents, who are not contributing to the war effort.
3. Single men with dependents, contributing to the war effort.
4. Married men with no children and not contributing to the war effort, but maintaining a bona fide relationship with their wives.
5. Married men, not contributing to the war effort, but maintaining a bona fide family relationship with wives and children or children only.
6. Married men, engaged in war effort, and maintaining a bona fide family relationship with wives and children or children only.

Divorced Wives Don't Count

This means that men now in 3-A because they claimed dependents not maintaining a family relationship, such as divorced wives and children who do not live with them, will be reclassified. They will be called ahead of men with real family ties, and less financial obligations.

The Selective Service boards will classify men as contributing to the war effort if they are engaged in production of war materials or are working in transportation, communications, radio, newspapers.

It Was a Pipe To Carry This Pack

FT. LEONARD WOOD, Mo.—Off on a hot, dusty 20-mile hike, the commander of the 6th Division's 1st Infantry at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, noticed a little private carrying with ease a full field pack. The CO began to wonder when after a few hours the private still marched with ease and poise, seeming not to feel the weight of his pack.

Finally the CO ordered the little private to unroll his pack. It was a small piece of stove pipe camouflaged with a shelterhalf wrapping.

Battle of Carolina On Smaller Scale

WADESBORO, N. C.—Long lines of G.I.'s are forming outside restaurants here Saturday nights, as they did last Ooctober and November.

And the barber shops with shower baths are doing a rushing week-end business.

The Army is back again on maneuvers. The only difference between these summer war games and the 1941 sham battles is that the boys with the blue ribbons are occupying the Columbia, S. C., territory and the Reds are up here in the North Carolina sandhills.

There are not as many men involved this year as last and the problems are only 24 hours long. The accent is on co-operation between air and ground forces in infantry action.

Lessons learned in World War II combat will be the keynote of maneuver actions. Information brought back by U.S. military observers on the fronts will make this simulated war a real training-ground for overseas service to come.

Major Gen. E. J. Dawley, maneuver director, told troops as they went into the field that "this may be the last dress rehearsal before the shooting for keeps starts for many of you."

He Was Too Old to Fight But Not Too Old to Think

NEW YORK — Frederick W. Straus is a Wall Street broker too old to fight. He wasn't too old for the last war and has the Croix de Guerre to prove it. He won it driving ambulances for the French through the mud of Chateau Thierry.

Like many other over-age Americans, Straus has been fretful at being out of the scrap. Like few others, he has come up with an idea.

His experience with the French told him that in any emergency there is usually a shortage of good ambulance drivers. That was enough for Straus.

On January 5 the U. S. Ambulance Corps, formed by Frederick W. Straus and consisting of a small group of volunteer World War drivers, took up their duties at New York hospitals as emergency night drivers, replacing daytime drivers from the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Service.

Today the USAC has 500 men agreeing to serve without pay one night a week for the duration. They work at 16 city hospitals from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M., serving all cases from blackout accidents to premature babies, and there are many more clamoring to serve.

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U.S. Sank 20 Jap Ships at Midway

FIRE BEATERS—No hysterics here. These crew members knew what to do when fire broke out on the damaged Yorktown. They stuck on the job.

FLAT TOP HIT—Jap plane hits aircraft carrier Yorktown amidships during the Midway battle. They put her out of action but we paid them back.

Name European A.E.F. Command

LONDON—Lieut. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of all American forces in the European theatre, has announced the personnel of his various commands.

Major Gen. Clark

Major Gen. Mark W. Clark will head the ground forces in England, Major Gen. Carl Spaatz the air forces, and Major Gen. J. C. H. Lee the services of supply.

Major Gen. Russell P. Hartle retains command of American ground forces in Northern Ireland, while Major Gen. Charles H. Bonesteel heads the forces in Iceland.

Eisenhower paid high tribute to the cordial welcome extended American forces in the European theatre—"United States officers and men feel that everything possible, both officially and personally, has been done to make them comfortable and to facilitate efficient operation," he said.

He added that he had checked his findings on this subject with his three senior subordinate commanders in England and they all unanimously agree that the cooperation and assistance received from the British assure success in the "coordinated development of our forces."

Eisenhower concluded with the hope that the "British public and the British armed forces understand the depth of American appreciation."

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Still in U. S.? You Can Buy Yank, Too

YANK, the Army Newspaper, will now accept subscriptions from Army personnel in the U.S. as well as overseas.

Due to the success of YANK abroad, many commanders of Army camps in the U.S. recommended their troops be allowed to buy YANK at Army Exchanges or by subscription as a preview of overseas service.

As a result, YANK's policy of exclusive overseas distribution is relaxed, with this issue. However, YANK will continue to be edited for the overseas forces which do not have access to all the newspapers, radio programs and magazines of the home troops.

If you are a U.S. soldier stationed anywhere in the world, you can subscribe to YANK. Clip the blank on Page 24, or ask your Army Exchange to order YANK for you.

Enemy Lost Four Carriers 4,800 Men in Naval Battle

WASHINGTON—The Japs took a terrific beating in the Battle of Midway. Just how terrible it was the Navy revealed last week in the first official description of the greatest sea fight in the history of the Pacific.

The enemy lost four big aircraft carriers and 16 other ships, sunk and damaged. We destroyed 275 planes and the staggering total of 4,800 Jap sailors and fliers were killed and drowned.

We lost only one destroyer.

The aircraft carrier Yorktown was badly damaged but only 32 U. S. planes were downed and 307 Yank officers, soldiers, sailors and marines lost.

Those were the scores announced in the Navy's 97th communique of the war, the official story of the historic three-day battle between June 3 and June 6.

Navy Guesses Right

It is a story told in crisp official language of men fighting against great odds, the same story as Wake and Bataan and the Coral Sea. Only this time, they caught the Jap with his guard down and gave it to him, instead of taking it. They slugged him with everything in the book and when the round ended, he couldn't find his way back to his corner.

The story starts after the Battle of the Coral Sea, May 8, when the Japs withdrew toward Nippon. U. S. Navy men guessed they would make a new thrust in the direction of Hawaii and deployed the Pacific fleet between Midway and the Aleutian Islands.

They guessed right. On the morning of June 3, Navy patrol planes spotted the enemy ships moving eastward, 700 miles off Midway, and flashed the word. Nine Army Flying Fortresses went out to meet them.

Army Gets Carriers

The soldiers got a cruiser and a transport. Then that night, four Navy Catalina Flying Boats attacked the Jap fleet by moonlight and scored two torpedo hits.

When dawn broke the next morning, Army medium and heavy bombers and Marine dive bombers started giving them hell. Brushing aside a heavy screen of anti-aircraft fire, the Army blasted two aircraft carriers.

Screaming down out of the skies, a formation of 16 Marine dive bombers socked three direct hits on another carrier, the Soryu.

For the next two days the Marines and the Army Flying Fortresses and Navy torpedo planes smashed them continually.

Marines Down 40

While this free-for-all was going on at sea, a huge force of carrier-based Jap planes tried to attack Midway. That was an awful mistake. The small collection of Marine fighters shot down 40 of them.

Most of the rest were lost, too, because when they went back to the ocean, there was no place to land. Their carriers were all sunk or battered.

Two British Army Dentists Try To Open Up A Second Front

LONDON—Two prize screwballs, Sgt. Peter King and Pvt. Tom Cuthbertson, were tired of looking down soldiers' mouths. The scenery, they said, was monotonous, and the outlook, despite lots of bridgework, very discouraging. So they put in for a transfer from the British Army Dental Corps to the Commando units.

When they were turned down, they decided to show the Commandos up, invade France themselves.

They were sober and of sane mind, they said, when they hired a motor boat and crossed the Channel. Landing near Cherbourg the two daredevils heard German voices which scared the hell out of them. Without firing a shot they clambered into their boat, beat it back to England.

En route they gave out of gas, ran into a severe storm, drifted 16 days, came close to dying of starvation before a plane spotted them and notified a destroyer to pick them up.

Freshly fed, clothed and imprisoned, the two daredevils from the Dental Corps are now sweating out a court martial in the stockade.

The Missus Gets $50—Regardless

WASHINGTON—Whether she's working or not, the soldier's wife comes in for a $50 monthly allotment under the recent pay bill. If she has an inheritance or if she makes $10,000 a year in the perfume business, she's still eligible.

All you have to do to cut the old lady in on the gravy is to file an application. The government takes $22 out of your pay, couples it with $28 from its own pocket and mails it to mama.

The payments don't start until November 1 or thereafter, but they're retroactive to June 1, when the new pay bill went into effect.

If you don't fill out the usual form of requisition and allotment, the little woman is out in the cold.

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Caledonia Yanks Want Action

They're Watching and Waiting for the Japs to Pay a Visit

Yank Special Correspondence

NEW CALEDONIA — Out here life is one of watching and waiting and keeping in condition. As you can see on a map, we are up against the Coral Sea, and if the Japs come in force, they will regret it.

And how they will regret it. We live practically at battle station, and nobody beefs. Back in camp in the U. S. we used to spend a lot of time discussing what we used to call "lack of fighting spirit" in our ranks.

Who Laughs Last . . .

That's a laugh, now. Out here the only problem is just how long have we got to wait to get at the little so and sos. We want to go to Tokyo and find out if it's true what they say about Geisha girls. And brother, we mean it. If anybody is picked out for a personal call on Hirohito and we're not in it, you'll hear the yell clear back to good old Bragg.

Aside from waiting for the enemy, we do get a little recreation now and again. They have rigged up a movie not far away, and get films from the Navy. Nearly everyone gets to go at least once a month. Reading, bull throwing, gambling and a little liquid refreshment (when we can get it) are the old standbys.

Swell Chow

The rations are good, and I mean good. For instance, a pack of cigarettes (standard brands, too) is included per day for every officer and man. Everything we eat comes from cans, but it's surprising how much is put up in cans these days. We could teach our wives plenty about dressing up food out of a tin, and joke about what we'll cook for the gals when we get home.

The biggest event in our lives recently is a clipping somebody sent from the New York Times. It had a little mention of our being out here. Whoever got it put it on the bulletin board, and the men crowded around as though it was a list of Class A telephone numbers. It was the first inkling we had that the folks back home or anywhere else think we are even noticeably important in the war. It's funny how a little thing like a newspaper clipping can set up a man a few notches.

Lonely Spot

Mail does the same thing. We live on letters from home—what goes on back there, even if it's a little piece about what happened to some gal we've forgotten for years. Mail is not frequent, and we pass letters around, letting everyone read them. They don't know the people mentioned in another man's mail but no matter—it's news from home, and highly important in our lives.

For news we get little except Australian radio and occasionally we can pick up a signal in the U. S. For a laugh we sometimes pick up the Japs handing it out from their "Spirit of New Manila" station up in the islands.

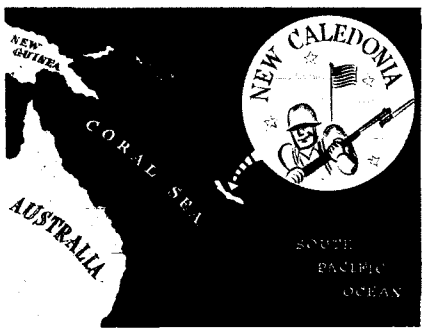
Dumb Propaganda

They are so damn clumsy and stupid—the crap they sling wouldn't impress a ten year old, and our boys have some interesting comments to make on the suggestions that they quit or go home as the great Jap empire already has won the war.

My kid brother has gone to the war now, aboard a tanker. It's civilian stuff, but my hat's off to him. Hauling oil on a freighter through submarine waters is a tough racket, and Army life out here isn't in it by comparison.

NIGHT LIFE—Don't they wish they were in the Old Mill Stream! The Army Medical and Nurse Corps in harmony in hot New Caledonia. The nearest thing to Sloppy Joe's, but you've got to make your own music.

Pvt. John Finnegan, of Newark, N. J., sits it out on New Caledonia guard duty.



Ready and waiting.

NEW GUINEA CHICKEN—Never raised that bird in Lou'siana! These boys have adopted a mascot with a mission. It keeps squawking so they won't drop off on guard. We don't know what it is, but it's not good eating.

U. S. Troops on the Job In New Guinea Base, Too

WASHINGTON. — Another exotic outpost in the broad south Pacific has been manned by U. S. troops. This time the place is Port Moresby, in New Guinea, a United Nations base about 200 miles north of the tip of Australia.

Negro troops are among the Yanks who have landed on New Guinea and they've been set to work building bases and airfields from which U. S. airmen can continue to hammer at Jap bases on the northern side of the island. The Japs, for their part, have not been exactly idle. They have been eyeing Port Moresby greedily for some time. The port was undoubtedly one of the objectives of the Japanese naval thrust, so thoroughly blasted by the U. S. Navy two months ago in the Coral Sea.

The Locale

In peace time New Guinea is a nice enough place, although a bit primitive. Unlike most tropical lands, it has no dangerous animals to contend with and its flora consist of such out-of-the-way specimens as sandalwood, ebony and cocoanut. The 670,000 natives are Negritos, Papuans and Melanesians. Along the coast they are friendly enough, but back up in the mountains, which rise to a height of 13,000 feet, they sometimes still practice both head-hunting and cannibalism. The island, incidentally, is next to Greenland the largest in the world, being 1,500 miles long and 400 miles wide at its center.

Japs to the North

U. S. as well as Australian troops in New Guinea are under General Douglas MacArthur's command. The Japs took the northern part of the island during their drive on Singapore and Java. They were aided in their conquest here by German missionaries who were a left-over from pre-World War days when a part of New Guinea was a German posssession called Kaiser-Wilhelmsland. Before this war started New Guinea was divided into three parts: Dutch New Guinea, British New Guinea and the Territory of New Guinea mandated to Australia.

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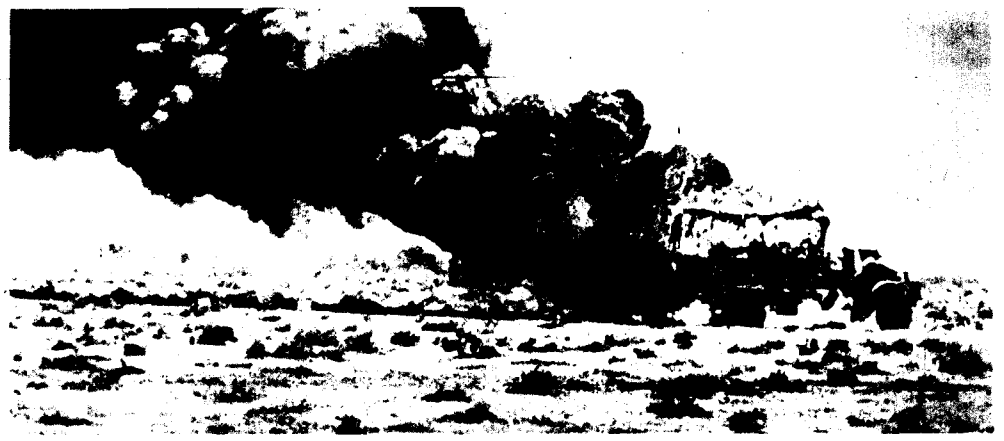
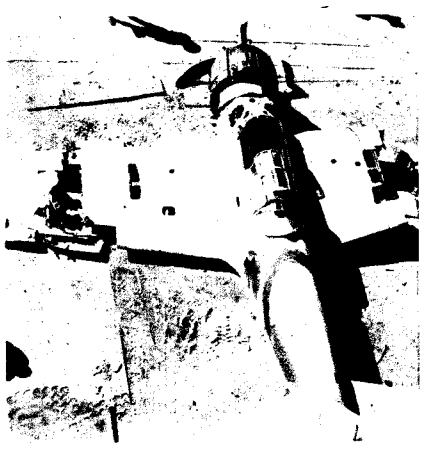
German prisoners in Libya awaiting shipment



Nazi ammunition truck adds to Libyan heat



Jap Zero fighter shot down in New Guinea

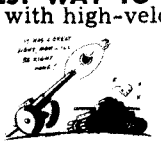
From a World at War

Concerning a dead Jap, nine Imperials, a Nazi edict, General Grants, French flesh, two puppets and the Tirpitz

CORN ON THE COB and fried chicken are popular dishes in Palestine nowadays at such restaurants as "Brooklyn Bar," "Detroit Delicatessen" and "New York Eats." The eating places Americanized their menus and names when Yank airmen arrived recently. Decorating the front of the American Bar, established in Palestine long ago by Texans is a new banner proclaiming: "We Speak American."

A NEW RECORD has been posted by an R.A.F. ferry command crew of two Americans and two Canadians. Flying a four-engined Liberator, the crew crossed the Atlantic Ocean five times in nine days. From Montreal to Britain the plane transported government-sponsored passengers and on return trips it took back ferry crews to collect more bombers. Pilot and co-pilot of the record-making crew were Capt. Fortune A. Dugan of New Orleans and Capt. Ralph E. Adams of Emory, Tex.

BEST WAY TO KNOCK OUT tanks is with high-velocity anti-tank guns, with field artillery firing over open sights or with infantry raiders operating at night with bombs. The way not to attack tanks is with other tanks. These are the primary lessons of the present Egyptian desert campaign, according to Maj.-Gen. Charles L. Scott, U. S. armored force veteran who is returning to Washington to turn in information gathered during four months as senior military observer in the Middle East. He said the General Grant tank is the best weapon of its kind in the field, but he warned that no tank can stand up against a gun like the German 88-mm. Tanks, infantry and artillery working together make an unbeatable team, he said, but if they are separated each is vulnerable. General Scott's estimate of the General Grant tank was backed up by Major Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U. S. Senator who recently returned to the United States after fighting with a small force of American tankmen on the Egyptian desert. He told 2,000 Fort Knox non-coms: "The tank that you call the M-3 is the match of anything in the world. They call it the General Grant over there, but by any name it's a good tank."



PRIDE OF THE NAZI FLEET since her launching three years ago has been the battleship Tirpitz, sleek, fast sister ship of the sunken Bismarck. The R.A.F. was on her trail for months, scored direct hits on the big war wagon first at Kiel Harbor and then again in Trondheim Fjord, Norway. Last week a big Allied arms convoy, loaded with guns and tanks for Russia, rounded the North Cape and ploughed into the Barents Sea to find the Tirpitz lying in wait. The Nazi ships sped into firing range and prepared to finish off the convoy. Meanwhile a Russian submarine scooted along unobserved far out on a flank, turned and aimed carefully among the German ships. Two torpedoes crashed into the Tirpitz just as its eight 15-inch guns wheeled into position. The big ship shuddered and reeled as thousands of tons of water rattled its steel plated sides and rushed into holes made by the steel "fish." The other Nazi ships encircled her and high-tailed it to the protection of Norwegian fjords. Shortly thereafter the Berlin radio trumpeted an announcement that 32 Allied supply ships had been sunk in the Barents Sea, as if to prepare the people for news of the Tirpitz damage, but the Allied convoy steamed safely to its Russian destination.

ESCAPE FROM TOBRUK was followed by a gruelling desert journey for five South African and four British soldiers. They walked and rode 340 miles, drinking water from the radiators of abandoned cars. They held up a German truck driver in the desert and drove his truck until it broke down. Then they built a truck from spare parts collected from half-wrecked vehicles. They stole German gasoline, and at one point in their journey they dodged a formation of 13 Italian tanks. After their second truck gave out, they walked until a British patrol intercepted them. They'd been travelling in the burning sun for 16 days through enemy territory.

A DEAD JAP in a Zero fighter added a weird story to the saga of air warfare. When American bombers raided a Japanese base in New Guinea, a bunch of Zero fighters swarmed down to fight off the Yank airmen. Gunner Pat Norton of St. Louis poured at least 100 rounds of machine gun bullets into one of the Zeros. The Jap pilot slumped over in his bullet-riddled cockpit, but the Zero kept right on its course toward the bomber. At the last minute, the Zero swerved upwards, directly into the second American bomber formation and rammed one of the planes squarely, knocking off its tail. Both planes fell into the sea. Said the pilot of another U. S. ship, "I want no more dogfights with dead pilots."

NO STROLLING is the latest anti-Jewish edict reported from Berlin. Nazis ordained that Jews must walk briskly, must not carry canes or walk more than two abreast and must not halt and chat in public. Special police details are assigned to clock the Jews' walking speed. Some Jews, the Nazis suspect, are getting around the new decrees by walking on crutches to slow their pace. Other new restrictions: Jews can travel on street cars, buses or subways only if they're going more than four and one-half miles, they must kill their pets and turn in to police such items as typewriters, adding machines, electric heating pads, vacuum cleaners, binoculars and cameras.

FIRST AMERICANS to be prisoners of war in the Western Hemisphere are a 63-year-old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster Jones. They lived on Attu, first Jap foothold in the Aleutian Islands, where Jones was the Weather Bureau's representative and his wife conducted a one-room school for 43 native inhabitants. The radio which carried Jones's weather reports has been silent since the Japs landed.

OUT OF OCCUPIED COUNTRIES of Europe comes news that:

Guerrillas in Yugoslavia numbering 250,000 waged widespread offensive operations in the south Serbian mountains, even sallied forth into Italy.

In Norway nearly 20,000 nurses, doctors, teachers and clergymen bolted their associations and churches when Nazis tried to "co-ordinate" their affairs. The people ignored a Nazi-proclaimed "Independence Day" in honor of the birthday of Vidkun Quisling, the Nazi puppet.

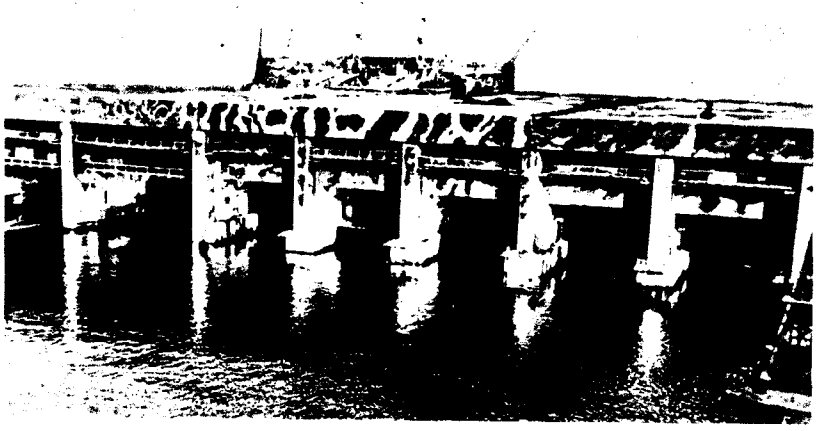
Belgians marched to the tomb of their unknown soldier and staged a patriotic demonstration under the noses of Nazi officers. Then they dynamited a bridge and power plant.

Polish guerrillas killed Erich Guttart, "Little Butcher" of the Gestapo who had been sent to end widespread revolt.

"Collaborationist" Pierre Laval granted permission to the Nazis to maintain 4,000 soldiers in a special zone near Toulon. Nazis "collaborated" by issuing a new stricter set of Nazi decrees for De Gaullists.

FRENCH FOOD has been rhapsodized by gourmets the world over for such rich delicacies as hors d'oeuvres varies, tripe a la Caen, canard presse and crepe suzettes. Since the armistice of 1940, however, Frenchmen have had to accustom themselves to much simpler and much less food. From Lyons come statistics showing the food-loving Frenchmen have lost at least 440,000,000 pounds since Hitler occupied their country and are now eating only 50 per cent of the bread, 25 per cent of the meat, sugar and cheese, 30 per cent of the butter and oil and drinking 12 per cent of the coffee they consumed in pre-war days. Average Frenchman's loss of weight: 11 pounds.

R. A. F. Blasts Baltic U-Boat Bases



A certain U-boat "garage"

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—Winging 1,750 miles in the longest and most daring aerial operation of the war, R.A.F. bombers blasted Danzig and Flensburg, Baltic Sea submarine production bases which have been vital cogs in the Battle of the Atlantic. British planes reached Danzig in a thunderstorm, dived under the clouds to a height of less than 2,500 feet and dumped thousands of pounds of high explosives and incendiary bombs. Simultaneously, fellow airmen struck at Flensburg, 400 miles across the Baltic, in a daylight raid aimed at the same objectives—U-boat "garages." Here the planes skimmed so low over the house-tops that one brought back bricks from a chimney that had ripped a hole in the fuselage. Returning from the raid, longest in R.A.F. history, flyers said they had left the submarine bases as roaring masses of fires and explosions.

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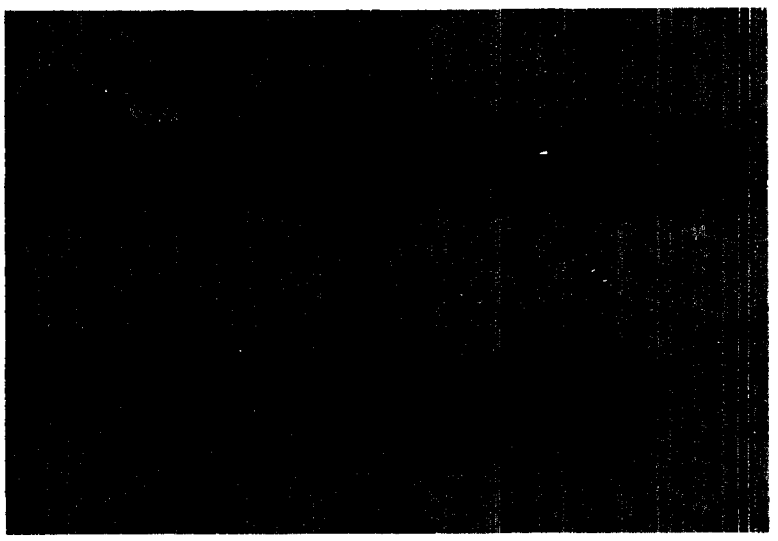
AXIS grand strategy for the year 1942 is by now fairly obvious. What Hitler is up to in Europe and what the Japanese have in mind in Asia can no longer be kept a secret. By mid-summer the Axis campaign for this year could be boiled down, briefly, to an attempt to wipe Russia and China from the list of the United Nations. To do that meant, besides a land attack on those two nations, an all-out assault on U. S. lines of supply to those battlefronts.



No American soldier overseas needs to be told how important supply lines are. He knows that upon them depends the delivery of the gas that runs his tanks, the spare parts needed to repair his planes, even the clothes he wears, the beer he drinks and the letters he receives from home.

Less Chow

What is perhaps less apparent, however, is that seemingly isolated actions, like a bombing in New Guinea, or a torpedoing in the Gulf of Mexico, or a guerrilla battle in Serbia, are all part of the same pattern. A Jap sub lurking off Sydney may well mean less chow for the radio operator in Reykjavik; a Nazi raid in the Arctic can mean less ammunition for the rear gunner in India. A raid on any supply line is actually a raid on all supply lines, just as a defeat anywhere for any one of the United Nations is a defeat for all the Allies.

Fuehrer's Price

The grand prize for which Adolf Hitler this year would gladly pay the price of a million of his best men is Russia. To win that prize the German armed forces are now engaged in a spectacular and bloody battle on the banks of the River Don. Before that battle started, however, there were months of preparations, not the least of which was a concerted assault on United Nations lines of supplies — assaults which involved the loss of U. S. ships, U. S. material, U. S. lives.

Two Routes

By establishing air and naval bases in northern Norway and Finland from which U. S. and British convoys bound for Murmansk and Archangel could be attacked, Hitler admitted that our aid to Russia was important to the Red Army's tough resistance. From these bases the Nazi dictator hoped to reduce if not stop the flow of supplies over one important route to Russia.

There is another safer, although much longer, line of supply to Russia. It goes around Africa, up through the Indian Ocean to the Persian Gulf and from there across Iran to the southern republics of the U. S. S. R. It is becoming daily more and more important. By their early spring drive to soften Malta, followed by their offensive across Libya and into Egypt, the Nazis hoped to conquer the Near and Middle East and thus close this supply route to Russia.

Desperate assaults on such far flung points of the earth mark Hitler's plight in waging a global war. He must defeat two forces to throttle the lifeline of a third.

Still an Incident

To say that China is the grand prize the Japanese are after this summer is to understate the case. Every year for five years the Japs have hoped in vain to close what they still persist in calling the "China incident." This year they are going at the job with more determination—and more skill—than ever.

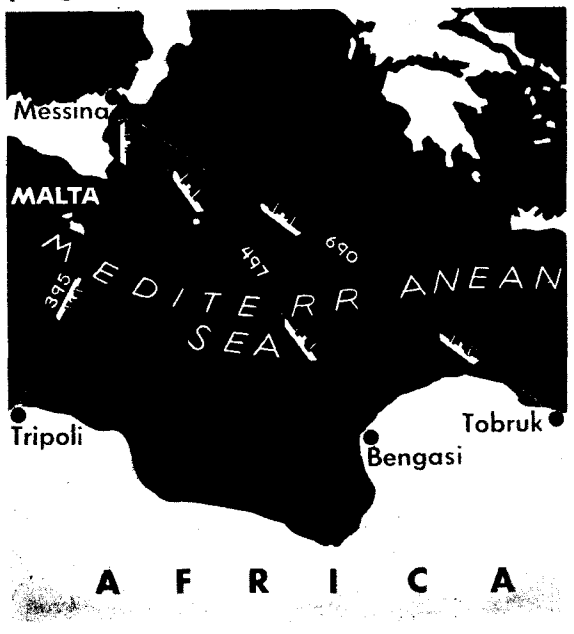
The facts cannot be denied. China is almost surrounded. Her last easy link with the outside world snapped when the Japs conquered British-held Burma. The hard-pressed Soviets can no longer spare the supplies they once sent to China over long caravan routes. With the Japanese Army penetrating deeper and deeper into the Chinese interior, the Battle for China has entered its crucial phase.

Big Stakes

With Hitler's eyes on Russia and with Hirohito's mouth watering for China, no American soldier could deny that the stakes are big. To gain their objectives the enemy is waging a long, carefully conceived campaign which began with widespread action on fronts far removed from either Russia or China. In these pages are traced the development of that campaign.

PRELUDE at MALTA

Early this year the Luftwaffe moved in force down to southern Italy and began pounding the rocky little island citadel of British-owned Malta in what could be called the curtain-raiser for the Axis 1942 campaign.



The Nazis had a double purpose in the all-out attack on Malta: To reduce its usefulness as a base from which the British could attack Axis shipping going to Rommel's Afrika Korps in Libya and to prevent the island from being used as a protective base for British convoys going through the Mediterranean. In its purest sense this was a battle of supply lines. By concentrating overwhelming aerial strength the Nazis succeeded in getting to Rommel enough supplies that he could months later threaten the whole British position in the Middle East and, incidentally, threaten the southern supply routes to Russia.

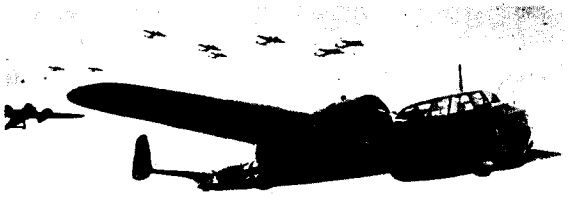
The Tirpitz has been used only for such special assignments as attacking Murmansk-bound convoys. Unlike her sister ship the Bismarck, the Tirpitz has not ventured forth to meet the British Grand Fleet, is usually to be found nestling safely in a Norwegian fjord.

ARCTIC SUMMER

Axis aerial attacks on U. S., British and Russian shipping along the Arctic sea route to Murmansk and Archangel depend on the amount of sunlight.

In winter, when there are only a few hours of twilight daily, convoys easily slip through the Arctic to Russian ports. When the summer comes and the days lengthen, however, the Arctic famous midnight sun allows Axis airmen to attack around the clock. Never was there a harder supply line to keep open. In winter, when shipping can get through, the Russian ports are often ice-clogged; in summer, when the ports

are cleared of ice, shipping suffers from continuous attacks. Nevertheless, the Murmansk route is still the best line of supply to Russia. From U. S. ports to Murmansk is only 5,000 miles, whereas the southern route to Russia is all of 15,000 miles.



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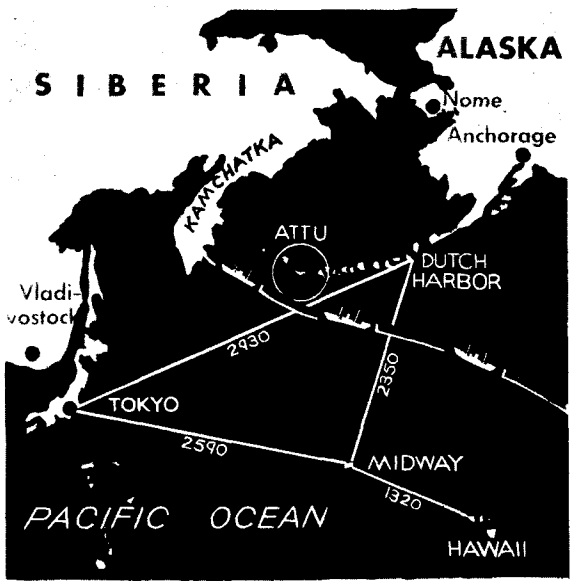
JAP DEFENSES

By getting a toe-hold on three of the tiniest and most distant Aleutian Islands the Japanese have in effect attacked a possible U. S. supply route to Russian Siberia.



The stubbornness with which the Japanese have tried to reinforce their holdings at Attu, Agattu and Kiska—even at the cost of a good half dozen transports and the loss of at least five destroyers sunk by U. S. subs—suggests that they are getting ready for action in Siberia. A fully mobilized army on the Siberian front is not there by accident. The air route from Alaska along the string of Aleutians to the peninsula of Kamchatcha and from there to the Siberian mainland is practical and has been used in the past by round-the-world aviators. In case of Japanese-Russian trouble it could be put to military use.

CHINA and ALLIES

Most isolated of the United Nations is China. In fact, the Chinese were better off when fighting Japan alone than they now are with allies galore.

As this Far Eastern war goes into its sixth year, the Japanese control a string of islands reaching from Formosa to Java which effectively blankets the Asiatic coastline. Hoping finally to choke China into submission, the Japs cut the Burma Road and then drove hard into the Chinese interior. But Free China still has ways of fighting. She can still produce small arms and ammunition in quantity. Chinese guerillas continually hamper over-extended Jap lines of communication. And because of the recent appearance of an aggressive U. S. air unit in China, Japan now has to contend for the first time in China with direct assaults from the air on her own interior lines of supply.

Not even the Mikado's interior militarists, administrative major-domos in occupied zones, could rest easily after the threat voiced by Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault of the 23 Pursuit Group (ex-Flying Tigers) to blast Chinese towns where Jap supply and troop concentrations offered worthy targets.

BUST HALT

Newest theatre of war to burst into activity is the Baltic, long regarded as a German lake. Here the scales are turned and it is Nazi supply lines rather than Allied routes that are under attack.

Soviet submarines operating from their big Kronstadt base off Leningrad played hell with Nazi shipping to Finland and Sweden. Not long ago the R. A. F. blasted the Baltic ports of Lubeck and Rostock. Most recent R. A. F. action was an all-night sock at Danzig, the one-time "Free City" at the mouth of the Vistula over which Hitler chose to start this war. The British said Danzig is the Germans' latest submarine factory and base. Simultaneous British and Russian attacks in the Baltic hinted at possible Allied action in that region. Over Baltic shipping lines the Nazis not only receive a large part of their iron but also supply their forces in northern Finland and Norway. Even the Finnish Army is dependent on safe deliveries of German war materials. Every Baltic sinking had its effect on the Battle for Russia.

Old Hanseatic port of Danzig was famed for its gabled roofs and the shimmering Goldwasser its inhabitants drank. More recently it served as Hitler's excuse for war, is now a submarine base.

Climax of the Battle for Russia came when Nazis tried to drive a wedge between Russia's highly mechanized armies and the rich Caucasian fields, which produce 80 per cent of the nation's oil. Marshal Fedor von Bock waged an all-out offensive that carried German troops to the Don and cut the important Rostov-Moscow rail artery. Ignoring the actual oil, Bock went for supply lines instead.

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A Beautiful Payoff

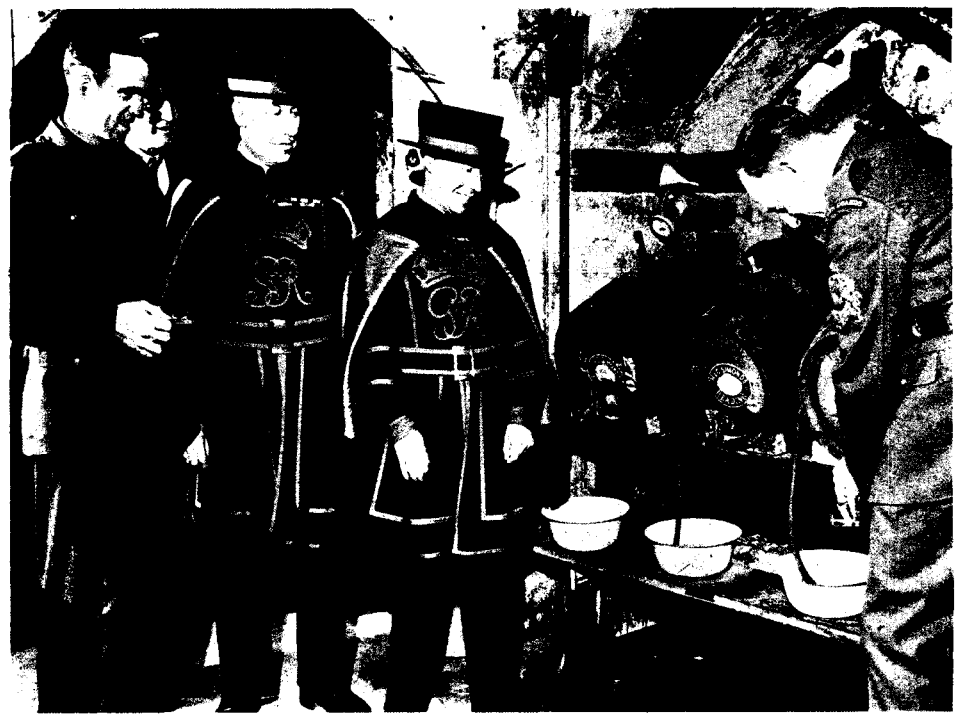
1 Opening scene is in an Iceland hut. It is commonly known as "Waiting for That Furlough to Come Through," or "For Pete's sake, Hurry Up!" Seven of the lucky nine men are here.

Iceland Yanks Rewarded With a Trip to London

(We've Met the WAAF and They Are Ours)

SELECTED from the A.E.F. in Iceland for exceptional performance of duty, nine enlisted men were gifted with a furlough in London. The lucky nine were Sgt. Herbert J. McCorle, Sgt. Vincent Valonnino, Sgt. Clyde Bradley, Sgt. Morris Hammerman, Sgt. Clyde Crabtree, Sgt. Exilious N. Cournoyer, Cpl. Homer Robinson, PFC William Wyatt and Pvt. Bernard Lee. How two of 'em, Cpl. Robinson and Pvt. Lee took over London and—apparently—at least two of the WAAF, is depicted in these photographs. Start at No. 1, follow the lads around and—who knows?—maybe you'll wind up with a couple of gals, too.

2 A quick shift to London, and we pick up our leading men, Cpl. Homer Robinson and Pvt. Bernard Lee, getting some pointed information from a London cop . . . er . . . that is, a policewoman.



4 This pub is supposed to be the oldest in the world and the men in fancy dress are yeomen water guards in the Tower of London (Not in the guide book: that Pvt. Lee manages to get his beer first).

3 The info received was evidently pretty good, for here we find our soldiers in the dressing room of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, former American screen stars, now London stage favorites.

5 Boys finally meet girls; and it's tea for four. Damsels are Maria Scullion and Marie Cooper of WAAF. The place is St. James Park. And Cpl. Robinson has devoured his sandwich in two bites.

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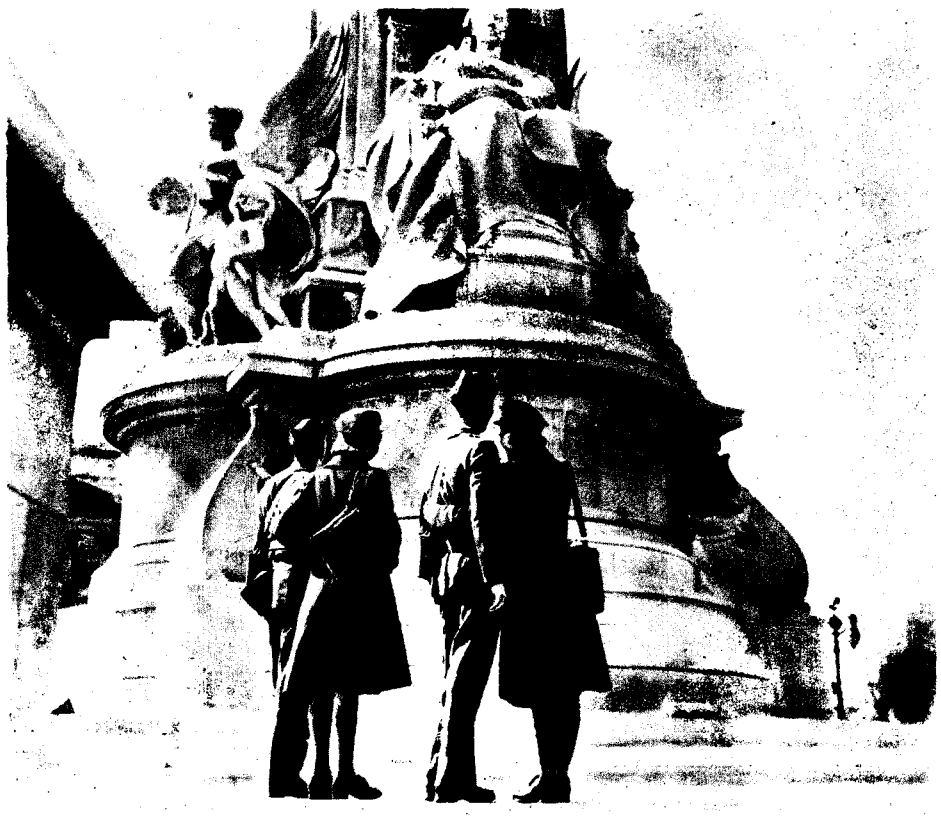
6 "We were strolling through the park one day . . ." It's still St. James, the soldiers are the same ones we saw before and, what is more remarkable, the girls are the same girls. (Slipping, Corporal?) At any rate, there's nothing like a walk (with company) to aid the digestion.



7 Much progress reported from this front, especially by Cpl. Robinson (the lucky guy at right). Just how much progress is a military secret and even Queen Victoria, looking down on the scene, won't tell.

8 This calls for soft music and whispered consolation. The worst has happened. The furlough is over. And it's back to Iceland. But cheer up, lads. The memories should be pleasant. Curtain!

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People Back Home—

Chicago—Six veterans of "Alimony row" in City Jail have been released to join the armed forces on agreements with their wives to forget all about back payments in the national interest. . . . A $30,000 settlement for cash has wiped out the $200,000 claim against Al Capone and 14 others for tax on beer seized from the Capone gang in the prohibition days.

Cincinnati—Edwin Ludwig, teacher at Bloom Junior High School, has been dismissed by the Board of Education for inciting two soldiers to whip two Bloom pupils. . . . Twenty-five OPA inspectors are checking Metropolitan Cincinnati retail stores for violations of the price ceiling order.

Cleveland—The extortion trial of eleven of the city's leading alleged racketeers is over and in the hands of a jury of six women and five men.

Omaha—Dr. Edgar A. Holt, dean of the arts college, and Assistant Professor L. M. Bradfield, dean of students and athletic director, have been fired in a shakeup of University of Omaha officials. . . . Grocer Carl Biehaus has filed suit to recover $2,800 from two men who told him a certain horse couldn't lose a certain race. He testified that the men promised if his horse fell down, the rest of the horses would fall too. . . . The horse ran out.

Gary, Ind.—County Prosecutor Felix A. Kaul has been ordered by the governor to clean up gambling and vice in Lake County.

Rochester, N. Y.—Mrs. Anna M. Wilkinson, mother of the late Lieut. Earl R. Wilkinson, Army flier killed in a training accident, received the first War Council service medal.

Los Angeles—Thirty-three hundred and ninety-one marriage licenses were issued by the county in June to set an all-time record for one month. . . . Federal rent control is expected over 550,000 dwelling units in Los Angeles County by Aug. 1.

Louisville, Ky.—Business in Louisville is 8.4 per cent better this year than a year ago, according to a report from the University of Kentucky bureau of business research.

NEWS FROM HOME

THIS WEEK IN JULY

The Country Buckles Down, Talking of Workers, Money, Aliens, Queen Wilhelmina, and Cary Grant.

It's getting close to the end of July now, and hot from coast to coast. A nation swelters in the heat.

The record crowds appear at Coney Island and Santa Monica, the red Georgia earth dries to dust and hangs in the air, the weekend leaves empty beer bottles on the dunes by Lake Michigan, the campers in Maine write home about the cool nights and their two blankets.

Wherever you are everything else seems very far away, except the war. The war is like the weather, only slower. To every man, woman, and child in the country it has taken on the same attributes as the weather and become as much a part of daily life.

There is no longer a "war effort" in the country; it has gotten past that.

U. S. Shifts to High

There is only effort, and that is the daily life of one hundred and thirty million people who have dedicated their lives to the single purpose of winning the war. The country is changing. It is slowly shifting into high, and the grinding of gears can be heard all around the world. There are no more ordinary things. The family group on the porch on the long summer nights has become a bevy of watchers for any wayward lights during a blackout. The daily constitutional has become a patriotic gesture. *The fraternal clan drills in the back yard. The jumble of irrelevant fact that makes up an American week forms a pattern in the light of crisis. This week Cary Grant married Barbara Hutton. This week ten thousand women*

Cary and Babs

working in war industries stopped a moment to sigh, and a Washington graph of production dropped an inch. It is all America, a nation sweating in the heat this week and sweating from the strain of hard work and single-purposeness.

In Washington, President Roosevelt voiced another statement of a democratic people. He declared that even enemy aliens could be employed in war industries, that there must be no alien-baiting. These people might be employed if they had members of their immediate family in the Army, if they had served in the Army and been honorably discharged, if they had lived in America since 1916, if they had married American citizens, or if they had filed application for citizenship before Pearl Harbor. It is believed that this, plus greater employment of Negroes and women, will do much to fill the quota of 17,500,000 workers War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt says are necessary to man the machines. About a third of the quota remains to be filled and the need is crucial. A step behind the President in his desire to fill that need while extending democratic principles was made by the United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers (C.I.O.), who are conducting a drive in New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut to secure better jobs and greater employment for Negroes.

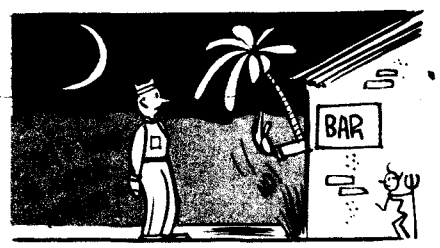
Lesser Events

That is a highlight, a yardstone marking the week. Surrounding it is a fringe of lesser events. In New England the perennial story of the common man chewing the fat with royalty popped up again. Queen Wilhemina of Holland came over from her recently-acquired farm to introduce herself to her neighbor, an Ordinary American who lived up to his part by not knowing at first who she was. Judging from the newspaper reports the couple stuck pretty close to the script, with a little chit-chat about how to plant certain innocuous vegetables and the statement afterwards by the Ordinary American that the Queen was Okay.

N. Y. and the War

In New York, King Peter of Yugoslavia went on the usual subway ride without being recognized and later took a good look at the city from the Empire State Building, unaccompanied by Al Smith.

New York also got a small taste of war when chlorine fumes escaped from a tank at Columbia University and knocked over 17



Miami—The city commissioners have passed unanimously a curfew against the sale of liquor after midnight.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Marguerite Simmons, 23-year-old visitor from Washington, has confessed to burglarizing 12 homes in the city. She told police of a ten-year career in crime.

Green Bay, Wis.—Mrs. O. J. Simon was given a four-star emblem of honor pin by Mayor Alex Biemeret for having four sons in the armed forces.

San Francisco—With thousands of young men in the service, political party leaders are concentrating on the feminine vote for the coming Aug. 25 primaries. . . . Nearly 800 men serving sentences for minor offenses will be released from city jail on probation if they accept war jobs.

Rockford, Ill.—Leon H. Johnson, 24, who caught tropical fever while working as a mechanic with the Flying Tigers in China, is recovering his full strength and will enlist in the Naval Air Corps soon.

Springfield, Ill.—Mayor Kapp has appointed a committee of women to collect kitchen fats and grease for use in the manufacture of war explosives.

Akron, O.—Municipal Judge Thomas M. Powers is demanding a special grand jury investigation of Akron's gambling halls unless they are closed down by the police.

Boston—Miss Marie L. Donahoe has been appointed head of a group to curb "uniform chasing" by teen-age girls. . . . She has been assigned 19 policemen to assist in the campaign.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Nine-year-old Carleen Gabriel is happy in the knowledge that she has done her part in the nation's war effort. Her 20-inch brown curls were contributed to the Bendix Corp. of Baltimore for use in precision instruments.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Beaches in Buffalo will be more crowded this summer and male cries for help in the pounding surf more numerous. With more and more qualified young men going into military service a shortage of lifeguards has been felt. Result? Girls will don bathing suits to take up duties at municipal swimming pools and beaches.

Boston, Mass.—Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty has asked for about 25 additional policemen to assist him in preventing juvenile delinquency. A 9 p.m. curfew for girls under 16 has been proposed in an effort to stop teen-age girls from "chasing after uniforms."

Kansas City, Mo.—One guy who isn't worried about gasoline rationing is W. H. Deitchman. A collector of antique automobiles, Deitchman drove six hundred miles in a 1923 Stanley steamer, getting 50 miles to a gallon of kerosene.

Boston—For the first time in its 90-year history, Boston Teachers College will permit men to enrol this fall. A quota of 100 males has been set for the next semester.

Washington—The Quartermaster Corps has invented an office tent called the command post tent. Rectangular in shape, it has light trap ventilators with canvas vestibules, to permit use under blackout conditions.

New Orleans—Roy Alciatore, 39, proprietor of the world-famous Antoine's Restaurant, was notified to report for induction into the Army. He will try to get into the Signal corps and out of being assigned as a mess-sergeant.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Hailstones up to an inch in diameter fell for ten minutes over the Wyoming Valley, battering down crops and damaging homes and automobiles. The storm was accompanied by heavy rains and winds of near-gale velocity.

Minneapolis—Alfred Anderson, jailed for failure to keep his draft board posted on his whereabouts, insisted he had written twice. Both letters were found in the Dead Letter Office—without stamps. Anderson had thought stamps unnecessary on "government business."

Nashville—Additional rainfall is needed over the greater part of the state, but no regions are suffering from drought. All crops are reported to be in excellent condition.

Richmond, Va.—An alligator, or maybe a crocodile, is reported to be inhabiting the Stony Creek Swamp in Sussex County. The report came from a youth who stumbled over a six-foot log which opened its mouth and snapped at him.

Long Beach, Calif.—A clerk interpreted the sign language in the trial in which Mrs. Martha R. Inman, 23, got a divorce from her husband, William J. Inman, 24. Both are deaf-mutes. She charged cruelty, asserting that he had a habit of taking a butcher knife to bed with him.

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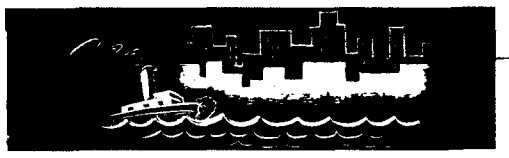


King Peter and Newbold Morris

innocent bystanders, all of whom eventually recovered. In Washington, scientists gravely announced that in man's fight against termites, the termites were slowly forging to the front.

This was trivia. Closer to the core were events easily seen to be important, but whose importance would have to wait for time. The first contingent of officer candidates for the Women's Army was sworn in and sent on its way to Des Moines for training. No one knows what jobs women will fill in the army before the war is over, but their immediate purpose will be to release men for necessary front-line duty. The first of 80 flight strips—landing fields adjacent to highways—was opened "somewhere in the Middle Atlantic States" to facilitate wider dispersal of planes and emergency landings. The Military Academy at West Point welcomed the largest class in its history—one thousand prospective officers who will take the toughest course they have ever seen in their life.

And never was money so important. People talked meaningfully of inflation, without knowing what it meant. You could feel the change, the buckling down. You could see it in the absence of things, the subdued advertising. Gone were the beautiful models in strapless evening gowns who urged you to buy shaving cream, soap, hair tonic, gasoline. Gone were the six E-Z dancing lessons if you bought the typewriter. This week Donald Nelson urged the people to sell their typewriters to the government. Boy Scouts were everywhere underfoot, collecting scrap and pieces of rubber. Suddenly there seemed to be more women on the street. The city of Chicago was told by a scientist to make less noise so they could hear their air raid sirens. A 14-year-old colored boy won the New York City marble championship, taking a little time off from his high school study of aviation mechanics.

This week the birth rate at a metropolitan zoo rose precipitously.

This week the weather grew a little hotter, the pace swifter, the need greater. July, 1942, was drawing to a close back home.

Flight Strip

Soldiers and a machine gun look on as the would-be saboteurs enter prisoners' van in Washington, D. C., following a session of their trial.

WASHINGTON—The eight Nazis who rowed into America from a German submarine and hid dynamite on the beaches of Long Island and Jacksonville have gone on trial for espionage. Graduates of a School of Sabotage in Berlin, they were arraigned before a panel of four major generals and three brigadier generals who composed a Special Military Commission appointed by President Roosevelt to hear the evidence and pronounce the verdict.

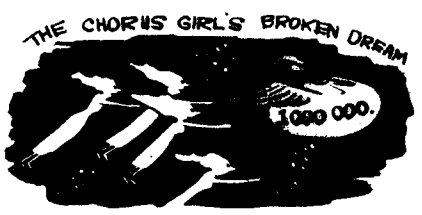
The public knew little about the progress of the trial, which was held in extreme secrecy. Chief interest was displayed in photographs of the innocent-looking but deadly gadgets the spies carried—vest-pocket detonators to set off sticks of dynamite or blocks of TNT, a tiny electric blasting cap, a pen and pencil affair which would ignite anything it touched. With these, plus the explosives they hid on the beaches, the eight expected to do such jobs as blow up a Niagara Falls hydro-electric plant, the Hell Gate Bridge and the Penn station in New York.

Later, the F.B.I. rounded up six women and eight men of German descent in New York and Chicago, charged with aiding the Nazi saboteurs on trial in Washington. This haul included Mr. and Mrs. Hans Haupt, parents of the youngest of the eight German agents, and Maria Kerling, wife of the leader of the Florida landing party. Most of them admitted they knew why and how the saboteurs had come to the United States before the arrests were made.

"Hello—will you please connect me with the guard house?"

Clinton, Iowa—W. W. Anderson, 45-year-old auto mechanic, believes that he is one of the first grandfathers to be drafted.

Los Angeles—Hoot Gibson, former cowboy screen star, was married to Miss Dorothy Irene Dunstan, 22, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Miss Dunstan is a yodeler in Gibson's rodeo show.



New York—Four showgirls looked at a $1,000,000 fortune left to them by William Guggenheim, 72, and saw that "deductions" had chewed it down to $3,632. Expenses, claims and commissions may eat the rest of that up within a week or so.

The girls are Lillyan Andrus of Hollywood, Miss America of 1929; Mildred Borst, a former Earl Carroll beauty; Mary Alice Rice, late of the Ziegfeld Follies, and Florence Sullivan.

Indianapolis—Earl M. (Lucky) Teter, nationally known automobile stunt driver, was crushed to death during an Army relief show here when his car failed to make the 150-foot "rocket car leap" over a truck and crashed under the landing ramp. He suffered a broken neck and internal injuries.

Teter's troupe, The Hell-Drivers, was performing at the Indiana state fairgrounds for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. It was to have been the group's last appearance.

Denver—Severe hail storms damaged 100,000 acres of wheat crop in five Colorado Counties. The Denver District Coast Guard Office has issued orders to reject any application for enlistment by a member of the Denver police or fire departments.

Columbus, O.—Pvt. Stanton L. Deutsch and his mother, Mrs. Walter Deutsch, finally arrived in Columbus on the soldier's ten-day furlough which took three months to materialize. Mrs. Deutsch went to California hoping to return with her son, but then had to wait three months as the furlough kept being postponed.

Chicago—Al Capone, former racket king of Chicago, is believed to be back in town. He was stopped by officers in Tennessee and identified himself with his draft registration card. Capone was passing out two-bit cigars and headed toward Chicago, the officers said.

Washington—The housing shortage here may adversely affect the proposed summer recess for Congress. One Senator said that he'd like to go home, but if he surrenders his $200-a-month hotel suite, he'll have to pay regular day rates for it when he gets back.

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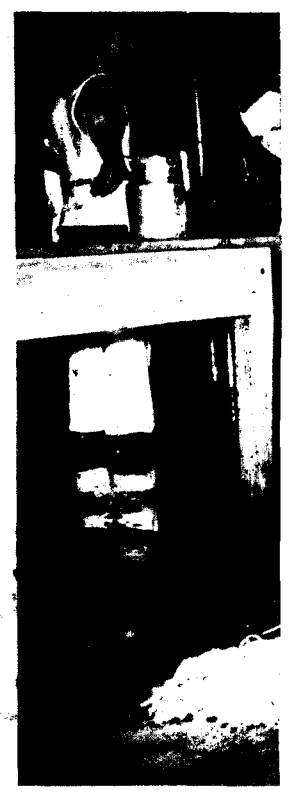
Of Men and War...

GET HIM! A picture of power, beauty and drama—made as the crew of a Coast Guard cutter wheeled into action against a submarine that was stalking an Atlantic convoy. One man is at the deck gun while another readies a depth charge.

[illegible] If you are aboard a sinking ship [illegible] sea around you is afire with bla[illegible] this is the way to jump—feet first. Then, says the U. S. Navy, you will be in c[illegible] to swim under water to safety. An angle plunge usually results in fata[illegible]

YANKS AGAIN. At a camp in Southern England, Americans who have been serving with the Canadian forces line up to have their papers checked before being transferred to the U. S. Army. The enemy will remain the same.

LAST MINUTE MAN. "Dear Alice: It looks like I'm going to be shipped." Soldier, there's no doubt about it. And you better hurry up. Uncle Sam's impatient.



GENERALS S[illegible] Tigers' leader to joi[illegible] whack at K.P. at Ke[illegible]

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In the Army now, and quite happy about it, too. Following New York ceremony at which these pretties were sworn in as officer candidates for Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, things are talked over with a couple of lads from "This is the Army" show.

War has put a dent in the number of male lifeguards on the Pacific coast, so these honeys are being trained as replacements. Here they learn the hair-carry method of towing a victim to safety.

And it's working both ways as Major James Brower passes by a row of WAACS who made the grade in Los Angeles. (If you ask us, he's seeing more than they are.) Gals will be trained at Fort Des Moines.

Charles L. Chennault, 5th son of the Flying ied forces, takes his ld, Miss.

Yes, we said Princeton. For the first time in many years the Old Tiger is welcoming women to its halls for map-making course. Dorothy Brown examines an aerial photo-taker. She'll work for U. S.

Ann Cutler of Needham, Mass., is not satisfied with being just a nurse. She is also a flier and now has joined state's parachute corps of doctors and nurses.

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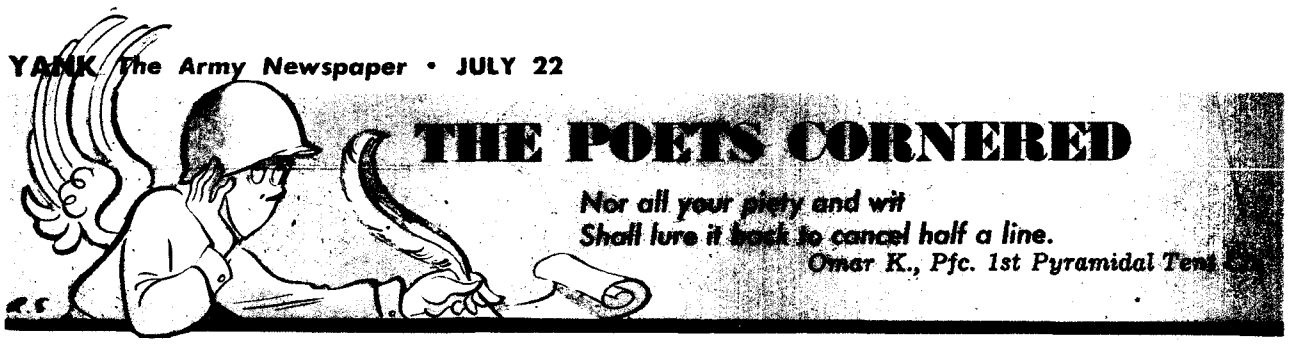


WHITE LIES

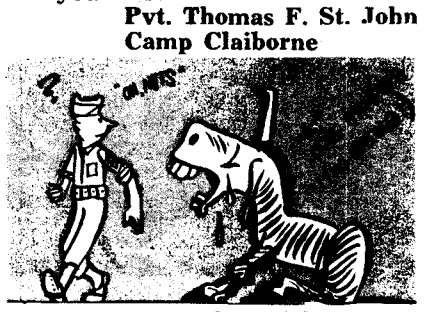
Let's take a trip through Port of Spain . . .
The city fair and kind;
Where every soldier from the States
Is growing color-blind.
See the damsel standing there
Whose skin's—well, rather tannish?
I asked her what she was, last night.
She answered: "Boss, Ah's Spanish!"
And see the girlie on the Square?
Say, she's a comely wench.
And if you ask her pedigree,
It's: "Honey chile, I'se French!"
And pipe the gal with the corporal there?
She has a delicate touch.
I overheard her say to him:
"Oh, Yassuh, Boss—I'se Dutch!"
And note the broad with the vacant stare?
She has such shapely knees.
She whispers low to have you know
That she 'am Portuguese!
Let's venture to the Country Club
Where all the white folks meet;
Where entrance gained by soldier boys
Is quite a noted feat.
Oh, Gosh! Oh, Gee! Just looky there!
Standing in the shade!
Never yet into my life
Came more attractive maid!
I steal across the velvet lawn
As softly as a kitten.
And the first darn thing I hear her say:
"Ah sho does miss Great Britain!"
And so it goes with Port of Spain . . .
The city fair and kind;
Where every soldier from the States
Is growing color-blind.

Sgt. Hardy Root

DENIAL TO CYNARA

I do not promise always to be true
Or swear unceasingly that we won't part.
I say that you are just precisely . . . you,
And that your tenderness disturbs my heart.
I do not offer you unswerving faith
Or timeless vows, or anything save this:
I shall sometime go stalwart down to death
With the remembered guerdon of your kiss.

Pvt. Thomas F. St. John
Camp Claiborne



G.I. WHO'S ZOO

I'm just a little zebra,
Sitting down to bawl.
I've got more stripes than anyone,
But I don't rate at all.

—Esprit De Corps

LAMENT

It seemed a harmless little squib
An artless, childish joke
That the Colonel looked like an X-mas tree
With his decorated cloak.
But the Colonel muttered darkly
And the Colonel wore a frown
'I'll get that acting secret'ry
And dress him damned well down."
The telephone tinkled sweetly—
The voice was full of sell
Would I like to be a hero
A Pershing, MacArthur, Wavell?
Oh, Colonel, thank you kindly
Just rub up a medal or two
I'll join your excellent Army
And handle the War for you.
Oh, the Colonel must have snickered
And felt most awfully gay—
For now I'm cleaning latrines for him
At one buck sixty-six a day.
One war was peeling the spuds,
Guard House, Tours, and K.P.
But this one is more aromatic
As only a backhouse can be.
Somewhere men are marching
Somewhere martial bands do play
But I clean the soldiers' W.C.s
And win the war that way.

MORAL LESSON

The leopard cannot change his spots
The Ethiopian his skin
But NCO's can lose the stripes
They buck so hard to win.

Pvt. Joe Sims

MAIL CALL

Ireland

DEAR YANK:

I thought when we got overseas we'd at least get away from reviews. But we still have them over here. What gives? Why do we have reviews, anyhow? Aren't they obsolete?

The trouble with a review from a soldier's viewpoint is that he doesn't have any viewpoint. All he can see are a few treetops and the haversack on the back of the brother in front of him.

PVT. RALPH GATES

Generals need to see for themselves that all their men and equipment are in good shape. It does most soldiers good to strut to music once in awhile, and people get a kick out of a parade. Even Caesar had reviews. Incidentally, bud, better get those eyes off that fellow's haversack and up to the back of his G.I. haircut.

Camp Livingston, La.

DEAR YANK:

I am in an Infantry Regiment and have been working in Regimental HQ for 16 months. Under our new T.O. a company clerk is still a corporal. He will always be a corporal with never a chance of promoting himself, which makes them feel why should I work as a company clerk for the rest of the war? They feel they can go out in a line company and better themselves faster. Results: it takes a year to train a company clerk. They come and go and there's nothing you can do about it. You can't run an efficient HQ with a new clerk every month or so. Before our new T. O. the personnel sgt. was a master sgt . . Now he is a tech. sgt., and I myself am in charge of a section that formerly rated a staff sgt . . Now I will be tech 4th grade. I wish someone would look a little closer at what goes on in the Personnel Work of a regiment.

Hoping you don't think me too radical!

S/SGT. JOHN ZALLER

A T.O. is tough to change. It's supposed to provide the most efficient operation possible. Sometimes, granted, it doesn't and if your case is one of the unjust ones relief will come eventually. Often though, T.O. griping is the old story of "the grass is always greener in the other fellow's field." Men on the line think personnel work is a pipe and personnel section soldiers look wistfully at line ratings. The view depends on where you're sitting.

Somewhere

DEAR YANK:

Ordinarily I'm not one to gripe. But I am slowly going mad.

You see, our battalion commander is one of those people who insist on organizing life down to the last infinite detail. I'm in a motorized outfit, so when we travel in column style he has a signal for everything. He tweaks his nose to indicate there is a woman driver ahead and goes through the motions of milking to illustrate that a cow is crossing the road. Being a truck driver, following just behind him, I've got to know all his signals—and what's more, be alert enough to catch on to any new ones he may devise.

Can't the Army adopt a standard set of signals for motorized columns? The legend about our Commander is that one day he forgot himself, unthinkingly scratched his fundament—and a whole company drove into a river.

SGT. JOHN WEAVER

You have the bad luck to be stuck with an organizing demon of which the Army, like private business, has its share. Just grin and bear it and reflect that after the war you'll be one of the few motorists who can figure out the signals of the woman driver ahead of you.

Iceland

DEAR YANK:

I guess it's no military secret to report that it is cold up here much of the time. Yet the men still talk of "sweating" something out, even though they may have icicles on their chins.

Of course, most old soldiers know what "sweating" means, but I never saw a dictionary which defined it in the way they use it. Who's wrong—the dictionary or the soldiers?

CPL. HARVEY BLACKWELL

YANK'S definition: To sweat—to go around in a constant state of suspension, expectation or apprehension. You can always tell when a soldier is sweating out something by the frozen look on his face, the fact that his metabolic rate is obviously low, his nerves jumpy, his heart constricted, his blood running cold, if at all. He may mumble to himself.

Omaha

Dear YANK:

My uncle is an officer and I see him on leave. Is there any etiquette on our actions in public such as walking downtown together?

PVT. S. GANES

Yes. You walk to the officer's left, are first into a taxi and the last one out. Don't worry. He'll know all this! But remember—he pays the fare.

Words Across the Sea

Well, our cameraman ups to a soldier and says howja like to send a message to some buddy over there, and naturally the soldier says swell stuff, and so do other soldiers, and our camera guy scribbles some notes and makes some pictures, and before you know it here's what you got:

Not all M.P.'s have mule's ears or other appendages. **Pvt. Howard Bawvich,** on Military Police duty for the past month, is a nice guy. He'd far rather be with Sgt. Roy Turner, somewhere in the Pacific. And Sergeant, would you say "Hello" to the rest of the gang if they're all with you now?

M/Sgt. Bill Brandon is burned tan. And then red through the tan. He is newly back from an island that has seen war. He's training rookies now, waiting to take ship and fight again. He wants to tell two friends in Australia, M/Sgt. Jerry Sullivan and M/Sgt. Joe Cavanaugh, that he's wishing them good luck, that he'll soon be on his way with a new bunch to take up where he left off.

Pvt. Bullet B. Dunn, Jr., of Bradley Field, looks and sounds happy. His good words are for Pvt. Reno Jones of the Quartermaster Corps, somewhere in the Pacific. "Hello, Reno, June's O.K. I'd sure like to join you. Say 'Hello' to Walter Loomis if he's with you. "We're doing all right here now."

PFC. Danny Walsh is camera-shy either from creditors, alimony or sheer modesty. We cornered him for his picture. He wants to say hello to all the Newburgh, New York, gang who were quartered with him at Fort Eustis. He wants a letter from Sgt. John Schwer in Alaska, from Cpl. Bill Martin and Cpl. Harry Chusmas in Hawaii, from Cpl. Tom Early in Iceland. His hair is getting grayer worrying about you gents.

Pvt. Ainsley Jacobs of the Engineers at Fort Dix got those front teeth cracked up playing lacrosse at Buffalo few years ago. He's a full-blooded Onondaga Indian and is shopping around for another Manhattan Island. But first he needs the $24. Message to Sgt. George Herveth, Engineering Corps, Ireland: How about that dough you owe me. Do I have to come over after it?

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
5¢ JULY 22, 1942
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By the men . . for the men in the service

SALUTE TO CHINA

For five years now, 450 million Chinese have been fighting tooth and nail against Japan.

You can talk about your bombings of London and Cologne and Warsaw and Rotterdam and Coventry, but no city has taken the punishment the Japs turned loose on Chungking.

You can talk about atrocities at Lidice, and terrorism in Poland, but no people have undergone more brutality than the Chinese during the Rape of Nanking.

Seventy per cent of Chungking was blasted out of existence. There is scarcely a city in China of 10,000 population which has not been bombed and strafed consistently by Jap pilots who faced little or no opposition in the air. Yet the Chinese rebuild faster than the invaders can destroy.

The belief is false that China is too big and too thickly populated to be conquered. Once in her tumultuous history, she was conquered by the Manchus, who were numerically fewer than the Japs.

China remains fighting and on her feet because the Japs made one fatal error. They aroused the blunt, consuming anger buried somewhere deep within the peace-loving soul of every Chinese in the 4,300,000 square miles between the Pacific Ocean and the Himalayas.

From Peiping to Lhasa and from Hong Kong to Tihwa, China united to deal with the common enemy. This was a war of coolies and mandarins, of farmers and artisans, of scholars and soldiers.

They have fought unbelievably well. Poorly equipped, sometimes with only their bare hands, they have staved off for five terrible years an enemy which we ourselves know to be no pushover. Their hatred and their pride have been as immense as their vast land.

China, huge and silent, has suffered. Her land has been ravished. But there is no hint of defeat, no suggestion of weakening resistance.

Fifteen miles from Jap-occupied Nanking today, Chinese officials weave in and out among the conquering Sons of Heaven, delivering mail and collecting taxes.

The Chinese still fight, and die and pay to drive out the enemy. We must be a very mighty army ourselves to deserve such a stout ally.

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Such Threats, Yet!

Douglas Chandler, a voluble American Fascist who broadcasts in Berlin under the name of "Paul Revere" says he's coming to New York to beat the tar out of U. S. radio announcers who spread the news that Cologne was bombed by thousands of planes.

Sweet 17—But Cool

Seventeen - year - old Jeannette Fanelli has replaced a draft-hooked helper on her dad's ice route.

"Guess I'll be the first icewoman in Philadelphia," laughed the 127-pound redhead. "I'm starting with the 10-cent cake and will work up to bigger things. I'll visit 100 homes a day and I think it's a swell job for a girl."

Once a ——, Always a ——

In a news letter released by the Polish Labor Group, former heavyweight champion Max Schmeling is charged with having run one of the Nazis' worst concentration camps in Europe. Inmates of the camp were forced to wash themselves in the nude during winter, while guards poured ice water over their bodies and beat them. Schmeling won the heavyweight boxing title in the U. S. by crying foul against Jack Sharkey.

Courses in Courtesy

A new order provides that army officers commissioned directly from civil life or recently called to active duty will henceforth receive "sufficient instruction in the rudiments of military courtesy and customs of the Service and in the wearing of the uniform to insure a proper appreciation of such courtesy, customs and discipline."

Pincers Movement

A day's news from the child-labor stronghold of the world:

Sixteen-year-old boys in Yugoslavia are being drafted into the German Army—without medical examination.

At Koenigsberg, Germany, a leader of the Nazi Youth League was assassinated by one Hans Schultz, student, in protest against sending 15-year-olds to front line duty.

Belgians have complained that German agents are kidnaping boys aged 15 to 17 for military service.

Belgian girls are being sent to Germany for labor service.

Hitler's 'Invincibles'

The Nazi propaganda machine, after taking it easy on us for a while, is about to wind up into the old fade-ball called the "invincibility curve." Part of the war of nerves technique, this was abandoned for a while in order to build up credibility for German military claims.

But now, according to the best sources, you may look for such terms as "invincibility", "annihilation", "encirclement", "iron pincers movements", "Battle of Destruction" and all those rough and nasty words again. The idea is to scare the enemy into a state of stupefaction before hitting him. It worked pretty well on Poland and France . . .

One little thing that goes with this "invincible" business, and keep your eye on the ball now, is the "attractive peace terms" theme, played on many, many harps. All made in Berlin.

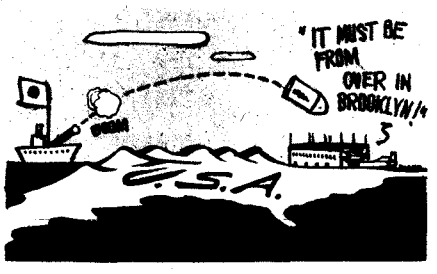
"Kneel to the Rising Sun"

The Japanese have issued a new proclamation to residents of occupied areas of New Guinea: "All and everyone must bow their heads whenever they see Japanese soldiers."

'Something About a —— '

The final word on the three little sisters has been given out by Dr. Charles M. Campbell, professor of psychiatry at Harvard and director of the Boston Psychopathic hospital—he oughta know, hadn't he?

Young girls pick up with soldiers, sailors and marines, not because they like the uniform or they're in love, but because (listen closely) they are suppressed at home and they turn to the Armed Forces to make them "feel important." That's what the doc says.



Shot Who?

Radio Tokyo announced that a shell fired at the Oregon coast by a Japanese submarine had struck the Yankee Stadium in New York.

Greater Love Hath No Man . . .

The little pharmacist's mate was on the tanker Neosho, sunk in the Coral Sea.

Burned men were writhing in lifeboats, and he leaped into the water with a bottle of tannic acid, swimming from boat to boat to ease their pain.

Exhausted, finally, he went down before his mates could reach him.

Back on land, survivors couldn't remember his name.

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205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

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Zorina Gets G.I. Haircut For Hemingway Movie

HOLLYWOOD—Zorina has gotten herself a G.I. haircut.

The ex-ballet dancer from "Louisiana Purchase" is going to play the heavy dramatic role of Maria, the Spanish heroine, in Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bells Toll" and the part calls for a whiffle.

"Her hair was the golden brown of a grain field that has been burned dark in the sun," Hemingway wrote in his book. "But it was cut short all over her head so that it was but little longer than the fur on a beaver pelt."

ZORINA AND HER HAIR CUT

Zorina hasn't any golden brown hair because she is a good old ash-blonde. But she wants to fill the second part of the requirement so she has chopped her locks down to two inches, just like a soldier.

The search for Maria took almost as long as the search for Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind" before the studios decided Zorina would fit the bill.

After paying $100,000 for the film rights to Hemingway's Spanish Civil War novel, they tried out every girl in Hollywood for the part except Zasu Pitts and Minnie Mouse.

Finally, of all people, they selected this blonde musical comedy star whose previous dramatic experience has been limited to Cole Porter lyrics and tense scenes with Victor Moore and Bob Hope.

Quick Watson, the Needle, New Discs Due

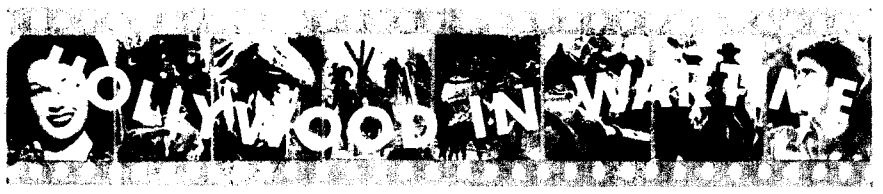
The Jones family back home has finally found a use for those high-falutin' opera records which Pa bought by mistake ten years ago when, being sent by the jitterbug daughter to get some "hot music" for her birthday party, he returned with the Fire Music from Wagner's Die Walkure.

Ma gave them to the American Legion, which on July 7 launched a nation-wide, house-to-house campaign to collect used recordings for Records For Our Fighting Men, Inc., a non-profit organization headed by Kay Kyser, Lily Pons, Harry James, John Barbirolli, Benny Goodman, and scores of other topflight musicians who are actively co-operating to supply every U. S. outfit, at home or overseas, with the latest and best in recorded music.

RFOFM, Inc., will sell the used discs to the leading record manufacturers who will salvage them for vitally needed shellac. The money thus obtained will be used to purchase at cost the cream of each month's releases.

The organization also will provide phonographs for all outfits which lack them.

STAR DUST—Irene Dunne sings that old favorite while the composer, Hoagy Carmichael, sits at the piano during the dedication of a new Coast Artillery reck hall. The G.I.'s aren't paying much attention to Carmichael.



War or no war, something happens in Hollywood and along Broadway every day. Most of the items have a touch of the warlike about them; hardly a day goes by without some actor finding his way into a khaki suit. Even press agents have been turning in their pin stripes in favor of G. I. cotton.

The gossip still comes in, though, warm and lively, and very often inaccurate. That's the nice thing about gossip. It gives you a pleasant sensation to learn that the star the gossip had married to her director has finally eloped with the studio doorman. It's little things like that which keep us going these days.

LINA BASQUETTE, lush brunette threat, returns to the screen after four years absence; show is "Night For Crime." Paulette Goddard's romantic life keeps the columnists guessing; half the wise boys have her due to marry a government big-shot, the other half have her bound altarward with a famous director now in uniform. Ronald Colman celebrates 20 years as a top movie star in his latest, "Random Harvest." To save film, movies will no longer list elaborate credits for everyone from dress designer to nail-cutter; main title will be all. Intimate X-rays have tipped off Bob Crosby to the fact that the Missus is due for a set of twins.

Jolson Going to Australia

Peter Lorre, Mr. Moto to you, is on the verge of a split with Mrs. L., and friends say he plans to weld with Kaaren Verne when the papers come through. Paul Lukas will go into Ferry Command work as soon as "Watch on the Rhine" closes; he's a qualified pilot and flew in the last war. Martha Mature, wife of Coast Guard Victor Mature, is ready to call their marriage quits with a capital Q. As soon as Al Jolson gets a ring on the finger of blonde Bunny Walters, showgal in his last hit, he may hop to Australia for a service entertainment tour.

"Stripped For Action" is an Oscar Serlin show in the books for this fall. Action takes in the difficulties of a young strip teaser working next door to an Army Camp. Artie Shaw, now a sailor, got barked at by the Shore Patrol for wearing his headpiece askew. Lana Turner's latest is one Johnny (Lucky) Meyer. Raymond Scott is breaking up his band and going back to radio work. "The Commandos" will be filmed at Victoria, British Columbia, for authentic landing party stuff. Mary Martin, who sang her way to fame with "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," is having censor trouble; her close-ups in "Happy Go Lucky" proved too hot to handle.

Ex-Ambassador Davies was screen-tested to play himself in "Mission To Moscow." They decided he didn't look enough like himself and gave the part to Fredric March. You figure it out.

Madeleine a Mom-to-be?

Sophie Tucker tried to get into the WAAC's, but was turned down. Already Madeleine Carroll (Mrs. Stirling Hayden) is reported to be knitting littul things for littul things. Jackie May, female impersonator reported as drafted in this column last week, has been shooed back to civilian life for reasons best known to the Army. Veronica Lake is still wearing her hair in its famous drape shape, but they say she's dyed it a startling red.

Judy Garland gives the chambermaids at the Hotel Pierre a free performance when she sings in her bathtub; something like that would go great in a camp show. Betty Grable and George Raft are getting to the altar, but only on the screen; they'll wed in forthcoming "Greenwich Village." Bob Hope wanted to join the Navy, but authorities told him he'd do better for defense by staying on the air.

Hays Okays Nudes

Jitter-bugging, jitter-singing Betty Hutton will have the lead in Preston Sturges' next film; he's the gent who made Veronica Lake a name to whistle at, so the future looks bright for Betty. Annabella, Mrs. T. Power, took out citizenship papers and is now as much a Yank as anyone; a nice addition to our femme population. For the first time in a coon's age nude lassies will appear on the screen; picture is "The Moon and Sixpence" and the censors decided the shots of unclothed South Sea native girls were "art."

FIRST GLIDER PILOT—S/Sgt. W. T. Sampson received the first glider pilot's wings awarded by the Army and Marlene Dietrich was one of the first to congratulate him.

Martha Ray and Jimmy Durante may be the top billings in a fall musical; nose vs. mouth. Harpo the Marx is going to break an old rule and speak in a Max Gordon show. Jane Russell, the girl who takes the pictures you take, is ill from overwork at camps. Fred Allen took a quick trip to Mayo Brothers for high blood pressure trouble. Ed Wynn's grandson is starting his career young; at the ripe age of two he'll appear on the screen in "Men At Sea."

Whirlaway, the horse himself, will appear with Abbott and Costello in "Hold Your Horses." Fifi D'Orsay is another old-timer due for a comeback; she hasn't faced a camera since "Going Hollywood" with Bing Crosby, but she's slated for a feature spot in "Pride Of The Commandos." This is the second Commando show now in production.

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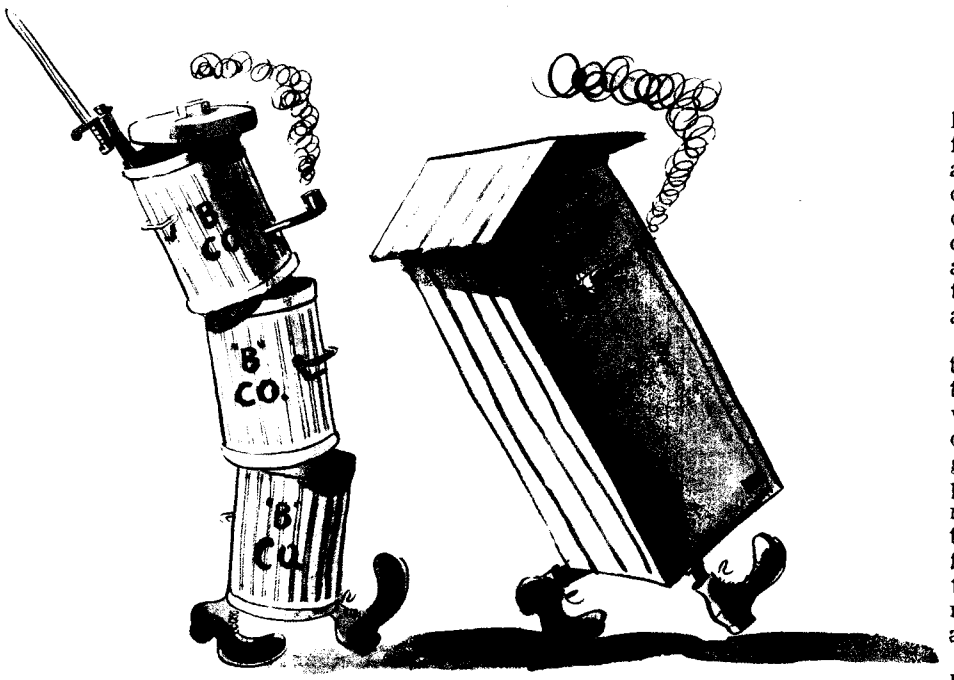
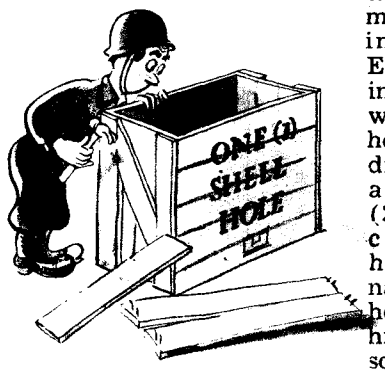


CAMOUFLAGE is the art of looking like what you ain't. Women, obviously, make very good camouflagers, but as this is still, to all intents and purposes, a male Army, camouflage is left to the Engineers.

The Engineers hide things. Sometimes they hide them so well that they can't even find them. Its their business to make a 75 mm gun look like an ant hill or, if necessary, make your old knock-kneed mess sergeant look like a 75 mm gun. They are still unable, though, to camouflage what your o.k.-k.m. sgt. dishes out of his pots. But that's another story, and a long, grim story at that. We'll skip it, kids.

The reason for camouflage is simple. Suppose you're a German pilot and you're flying along looking down at the ground. You see a battery of 75s below you, sitting right out there as naked as a Minsky second act curtain. You pick up the phone, inform Berchtesgarten of the fact, and bingo, the battery disappears in a cloud of smoke. But if the battery is camouflaged, you won't see anything and you'll go home and have a beer, or at least dream about the beer you used to get.

Engineer camoufleurs have a passion for making soldiers look like the residue of a newly-minted post hole. They make you smear your face with dirt, or paint it with lampblack. They like to tuck you in a speckled zoot suit, too, so you'll blend with the foliage. When they're done with you, you look like part of the landscape. In fact, there's a story that came out of maneuvers about a private who was rigged up to look like a grass lawn. His camouflage was so perfect that a couple of colonels came along and started to have a picnic on him. They'd never have found out that their table was human if one of them hadn't seen a hand slide out of the grass and heist a chicken sandwich.



Everything seems to be camouflaged these days. In a way, the passion for camouflage is apt to give a battle a supernatural air. It's not an unusual thing to see a rock firing at a tree, or a two-room bungalow rear up and heave a grenade.

Camoufleurs can take a few branches and make a whole regiment look like a forest. They can also take some chicken wire and one of Aunt Sarah's old Tuesday chemises and hide a grounded plane completely. It is rumored that they can even disguise their pieces so that they look clean for inspection, but this has never been confirmed. Don't believe nothing that ain't been confirmed—or even baptized, for that matter.

The Japanese, who are great imitators, have a novel means of camouflaging their troops. Each soldier carries in his pack a few wisps of hay which he can use to (1) disguise himself as a Shinto haycock, (2) attract hungry cows, or (3) eat himself. Unfortunately, no matter how he camouflages himself, a Japanese soldier looks like a Japanese soldier.

Camoufleurs are now working day and night, thinking up new methods to hide weapons and men. Who knows, perhaps some day you'll find yourself disguised as a hickory limb. Maybe someone's darling daughter will even hang her clothes on you. Now aren't you glad your number came up?

Maybe someone's darling daughter will even hang her clothes on you.

Cartoonists, you forgot to camouflage the trailer

Camouflage

Sketches by Sgt. Ralph Stein
Words by Sgt. Harry Brown

Vegetation, green or dry, can be placed on and around an object.

Larger objects may be painted to match their surroundings . . .

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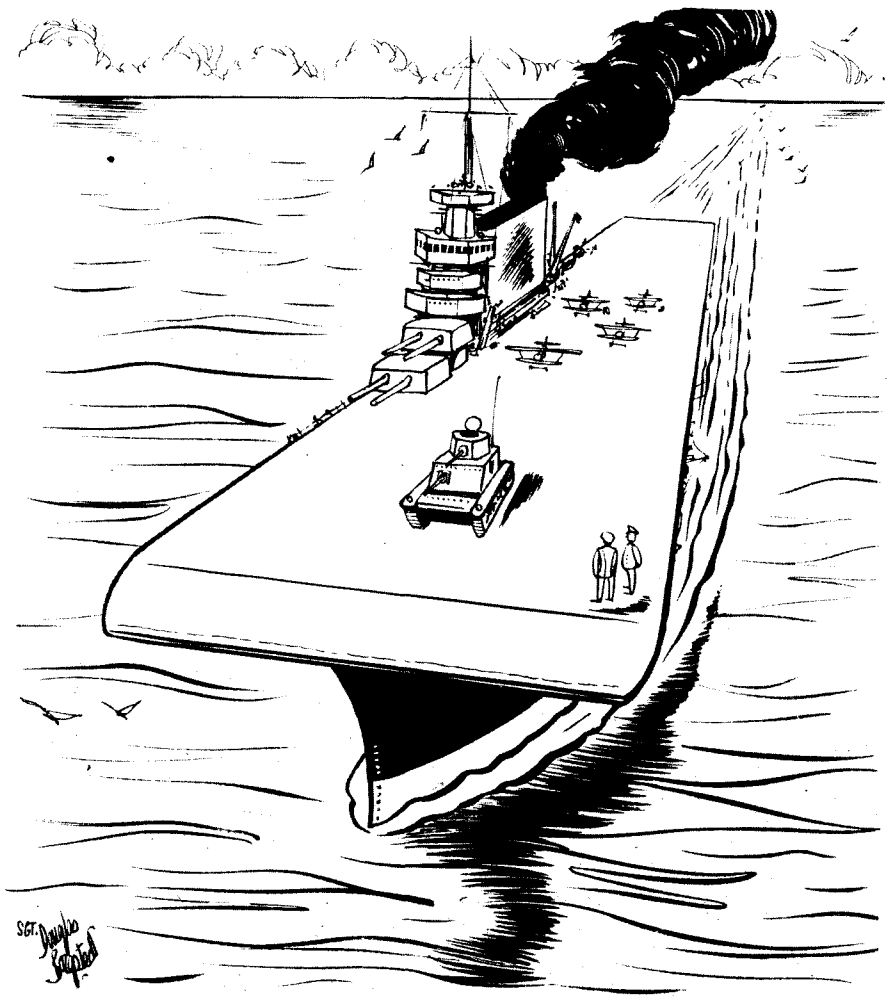
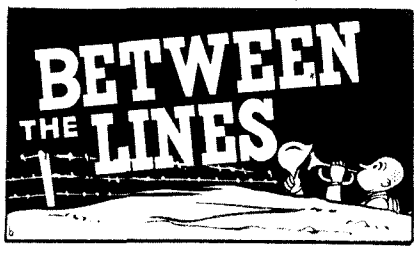
"Isn't There Some Way We Can Let Them Know We Aren't Tourists?"



"Frankly, Someone in Washington Is Going to Catch Hell for This—"



TWO CENTS WORTH

FOR some time now a few of our honorary Aryan enemies have been settled down in the Aleutian Islands, doing God knows what. The latest reports from Tokyo say that gardeners have been shipped up there, ostensibly to plant gardens, though whether they will grow vegetables or flowers is a point on which Japanese propagandists are annoyingly mum. We hope that they will be rose gardens, because we have a feeling that eventually there will be a few Japanese graves in the Aleutians that will need decorating, and roses are fine for that purpose. If the Japs can grow anything on Aleutian soil it will show that they're pretty smart kids. The Eskimos, who run to seal meat and sleep, have never been able to raise anything except progeny on that barren and desolate ground.

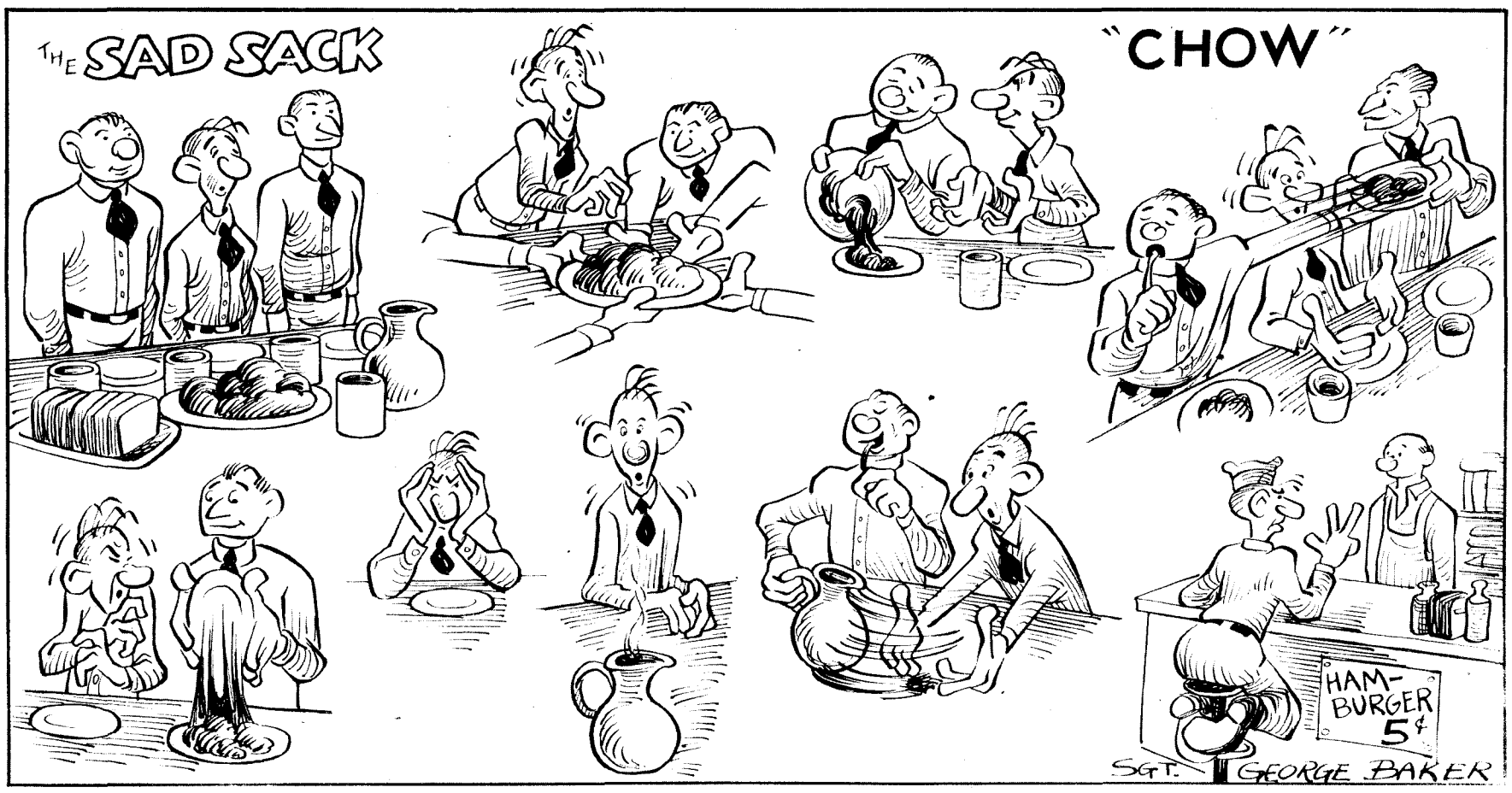
We do wish the weather would clear up around Atta and places like that—be as clear, say, as it was over Tokyo on a certain day last April. We'd know what was going on then, all right. Might even put a stop to it, too.

THE Japanese raised hell around Pittsburgh the other day, too, without meaning to especially. Seems that while the Army was putting on a show there a lot of hawkers went around selling bamboo pennant canes bearing the label "Made in Japan." The hawkers were fined, and even the FBI was called in. Now, if you want our frank opinion, Pittsburgh took the wrong attitude. Everything we ever owned that was made in Japan—which included a toy boat and a mechanical pencil—always fell apart after being used for a couple of days. Pittsburgh, had it been on the ball, could have pointed a pretty moral on the sale of those canes. The hawkers should have been sent around shouting, "Getcha Japanese pennant canes, folks — getcha Japanese pennant canes. They fall apart after two days' use. You can't understand the Japanese Navy unless you getcha pennant canes." However, if Pittsburgh wants to be stodgy about the whole business, there's nothing we can do about it.

PAYDAY IN FOUR ACTS

Act I. Soldier and his pay.
Act II. Soldier and his pay and his girl.
Act III. Soldier and his girl.
Act IV. Soldier.

1st Sgt. Ed Sullivan, 258 F.A.



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Pick Your Own Stars, Radio Will Put Them On The Air

Two million bucks worth of talent on the cuff!

That's what the A.E.F.'s are getting in "Command Performance", the War Department radio show, short-waved by 14 U.S. international stations each Sunday to American forces throughout the world.

"Command Performance" is not broadcast in the U. S. It is exclusively A.E.F. The talent is recruited from every network. The choicest big-names of stage, screen, music and radio donate their services, and the unions suspend their customary broadcast regulations to participate on the program.

Plenty of Talent

The "Performance" mirrors the radio requests of men in foreign service. There is no star which the War Department can't get, and there is no name who would turn down an opportunity to appear on the show.

Below is a partial list of talent available for the radio entertainment of the A.E.F. These stars are ready and willing to amuse you G.I.'s in New Caledonia or Iceland.

Check or add the names of the people you want. Send them in to YANK, the Army Newspaper, U.S.A. And leave the rest to us.

Don't worry! You'll get them!

Pick Your Favorite

In orchestras: Al Goodman, Mark Warnow, Ray Noble, Harry James, Sammy Kaye, Ozzie Nelson, Phil Harris, Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Rudy Vallee, John Scott Trotter, Charlie Spivak, Guy Lombardo, Tommy Dorsey, and Jimmy Dorsey.

In comedians: Eddie Cantor, Danny Kaye, Joe E. Lewis, Henny Youngman, Robert Benchley, Kay Kyser, Lou Holtz, Bob Burns, Bergen & McCarthy, Phil Baker, Walter O'Keefe, Fanny Brice, Abbott & Costello, Burns & Allen, Frank Morgan, Red Skelton, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Hugh Herbert, Fred Allen.

In vocalists: Bea Wain, Dinah Shore, Gladys Swarthout, Carmen Miranda, Connee Boswell, Ella Logan, Andrews Sisters, Ginny Sims, Betty Hutton, Benay Venuta, Dorothy Lamour, Frances Langford, Harriet Hilliard, Betty Grable, Mary Martin, Deanna Durbin, Carole Landis, Betty Jane Rhodes, and Judy Garland.

U.S.O. Entertains 2,000,000 Soldiers in Last Year

HOLLYWOOD — According to Screen Actors' Guild, more than 2,000,000 service men have been entertained by U.S.O. Camp Shows during the past year.

Entertainment units made up of Hollywood, New York and Chicago talent have given 3,819 performances.

Army Takes Huge Convention Hall

ATLANTIC CITY — The Army is taking over the Municipal Convention Hall, world's largest indoor meeting place, for training purposes. The auditorium holds 45,000 people and is big enough for indoor football games.

Reports From Radio Fronts

Labrador

SANDGERT LAKE — Radio is the only link with the outside world. Most of the equipment here is used to take weather observation. Reception in southwest Labrador is not so hot but "Command Performance" has been coming in fairly well along with a few other shows.

Canal Zone

BALBOA—Radio reception from the U. S. is about as perfect as could be expected. Now that big names like Jack Benny, the Aldrich Family, Fibber McGee & Molly are off the air for the summer, the men are tuning in on jive and swing music.

Radios have been hooked up in corrugated tin huts. Crying need is for complete radio schedule such as ones appearing in previous issues of YANK.

Western India

KARACHI—There is only one radio in this camp and it's owned by two doctors, Capt. Albert King of San Antonio, Texas and Capt. W. E. Noblin of Jackson, Miss. who hold open house every night.

From 11 P. M. until 2 A. M. the staff of the Station Hospital for U. S. troops in India and China crowds into the medicos' residence and listens to the "Here's News from Home" show, a radio program shortwaved throughout the world to American forces.

Most of the men here are Southerners and would like to get in touch with home-town chickens.

Central India

NEW DELHI — For the past month there has been a considerable improvement in the reception of American programs. Before that, according to Colonel J. B. Cochrane, "it was only under exceptional conditions that America could be received on the average about once a week."

News is now getting in at least once each night. Reception starts at 6:30 P. M. and improves steadily until 11. Short-wavers out of Boston are picked up best here on a 6-valve super-het bandspread.

Iceland

REYKJAVIK — Men stationed here are great admirers of swing music. Programs coming over are right up their alley. The short wave radios are hooked up in the recreation building, and the gang crowds around for that "Fashions in Jazz" show.

One buck private up here, Zone Ingersoll, wants NBC to play songs "such as Skylark, Miss You, I Don't Want To Walk Without You and of course lively ones with Boogie."

HERE S WHAT HAPPENED — Ensign Donald Mason, who sent the famous radio message "Sighted sub, sank same," gives more details to Betty Grable while Ruth Hussey listens at right. In the rear are Carole Landis, Claudette Colbert and finally Lieut. George Welch, who shot down four Jap planes at Pearl Harbor.

Here's How G. I. Jive Was Born

NEW YORK—Pvts. John Rizzieri and Finney Miller, two G.I. hep-cats, were cutting a rug in an Australian music store a few weeks ago. Business was temporarily suspended while the proprietor pulled out hair and customers flocked to watch "those two American soldiers jitterbug."

A passing newspaperman noting the disruption, entered the music shop and asked the two Yanks what was playing.

"We're just swinging out to some hot records Miller's girl sent us," Rizzieri explained. "That's what we need in Australia, more swing music. If that 'Here's News From Home' radio show had more music and less talk, we'd like it better."

The two privates got 24-hour service.

In New York the next day, Connie West, announcer on the "Here's News From Home" program, got hold of Rizzieri's brother Nat, who lives in the Bronx, and Miller's girl friend, Laura Childs.

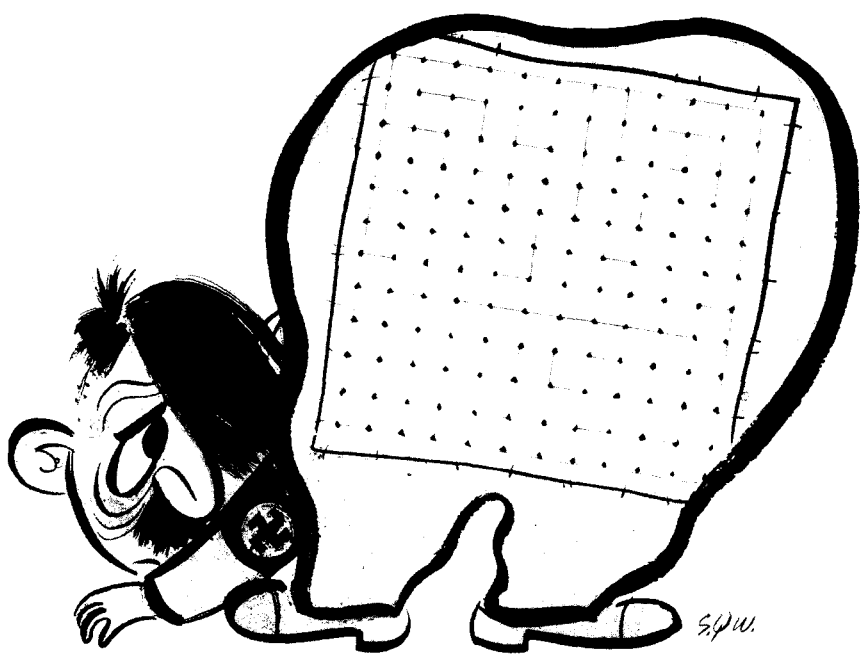
The three of them broadcast to Australia, telling the two hep-cats to hold everything, that YANK, the Army newspaper, was now short-waving hot recorded jam sessions, "G.I. Jive," and "YANK Swing Session," in addition to daily G.I. News.

YANK is, and how about letting us know how we're coming in down under?

Gold Coast

ACCRA, Africa—Pan American Airways Operations say that only good music received here emanates from the U. S. Pleads E. P. Whitney, one of the P. A. boys: "How about getting us more popular records in the afternoon around 5 and at night till 10?"

The End of Schikelgruber



The end of Schikelgruber, here seen staring you moodily in the face, can be a game. In this form, called "Play Square," invented and copyrighted by Lieut. Stephen M. Elonka of the U. S. Coast Guard, the only weapon you need is a pencil, with which to draw lines on the Butt of Berchtesgarten. The rules for "Play Square" are simple.

1. Draw one line at a time, between any two dots, either horizontal or vertical.

2. Number all lines that do *not* complete a square, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc., as you do them.

3. All lines that complete squares are free.

4. The object of the game is to get as few numbered lines as possible while completing the 144 squares.

Par for the design imprinted on the Fuehrer's fundament is 22. You can make your own designs to give other combinations to the same game.

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How to clean a Rod

THIS is Pvt. Joe McTurk, a little man with a big problem. It is Friday night, and comes the dawn, comes the inspection. McTurk is worried. Clenching in his teeth the butt of a cigar (a legacy from a deceased uncle) he ponders the proximity of his primative piece. "What a doity rod," McTurk says to himself. "What I been using it for, it should get so doity?" Well, for one thing, he used it to toast marshmallows on a night problem last Tuesday. For another, the stock is handy for knocking tops off beer bottles any day in the week. Mac is right—it is a doity rod. But Saturday will undoubtedly dawn cold and clear, and the Old Man is a heller for cleanliness next to godliness. It is a depressed McTurk who fondles his jowls and realizes that what is black must be made white. From his footlocker he removes his tools—the jimmy, the screwdriver, the patches, the acetylene torch, and the ramrod. Gloom descends on his masterful face.

Pvt. McTurk, of course, is really Pvt. Robert C. McCracken of Fort Belvoir, the poor man's Jinx Falkenberg. The pictures are by Cpl. Pete Paris, a harmless sort.

RIGHT AWAY quick McTurk learns that it is bad form to stick your finger too far up your rifle. You're apt to get stuck, even if you're straight from Staten Island and are a really oily guy. There are several other ways to remove the bolt without prodding it with your pinky. Mac should have been told.

HIS FINGER freed, Mac proceeds to give her the old shineroo. Things are beginning to look up already. "I got it down cold," Mac says. "It's a pipe." Notice the exquisite grace of McTurk's feet. When he works, his hands are poems—sonnets, to be exact.

"NOW I'LL USE my wamwod," McTurk says. It's a little stuffy on the bed, so he gets some altitude by standing on his footlocker. The height makes him dizzy, but it accelerates the pace of his work. He moves his arms madly.

THE DEED is done. A happy McTurk peeks through a shiny barrel. "A woik of art," he says. Every hair on his chest quivers with contentment, and every wrinkle in his stomach coagulates with sheer joy.

LIKE A MOTHER with her babe, McTurk sleeps the sleep of the just. He dreams of bathing in a vat of beer with a bevy of lush young women. McTurk is the only man in the Army who drinks with a butt in his mush.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT is here. The Old Man gazes through McTurk's beautiful piece. "Dirty bore," says the Old Man. McTurk winces. "Grease," says the Old Man. McTurk swallows his cud. "Dust," says the Old Man. McTurk gives a gurgle. The sergeant bides his time.

THE WAY OF the transgressor is as hard as a window sill. "A helluva way to spend Saturday afternoon and night, Sunday afternoon and night," McTurk growls. "That captain. That sergeant. It shouldn't happen to a dog, or even to me."

AT THE FIRST of the week the laundry goes out again. McTurk is no fool. If a G.I. laundry can wash clothes it can clean rifles. He slaps his'n into a barracks bag and off it goes. Then off goes McTurk. Somewhere the beer is flowing, and the voice of the bartender is heard in the land.

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Jacobs Plans Title Fights

NEW YORK — Promoter Mike Jacobs, whose fights this summer have been few and far between, is getting a reprieve by the Navy.

Three world champions now wearing the Navy blue will be allowed to participate in shows Jacobs is lining up for the benefit of the U.S.O. in the next couple of months. Previously, all sailors were banned from such athletic competition.

Welterweight Freddie Cochrane already has been matched with Ray (Sugar) Robinson, undefeated Harlem sensation for a Madison Square Garden go next month. It will be an over-the-weight match with the title not at stake.

The Outlook

However, if and when Robinson is able to get by the champ, and most everybody believes he will, the two will be rematched again for a title bout. Otherwise, it will be Young Kid McCoy against Cochrane.

Freddie Zale, middleweight king who is stationed at Great Lakes, is slated to face Jimmy Bivins of Cleveland, conqueror of Gus Lesnevich, light heavy champ, in a non-title match before meeting the winner of a proposed Georgie Abrams-Freddie Apostoli bout for the goods.

Lesnevich, serving in the Coast Guard, is scheduled to get off duty for an over-the-weight warmup with Lee Savold or Tami Mauriello before being pitted against Billy Soose, another sailor and former middleweight champion.

All in all, Jacobs will promote at least six benefit bouts with these champions.

Marines Get Paddock

SAN FRANCISCO—Charlie Paddock, formerly the world's fastest human, has begun service as a Marine Corps captain. He served in the last war as a field artillery lieutenant.

Here's One Private Who Stumped Sarge

CAMP BLANDING, Fla.—First Sgt. Eugene Saffold always said he would allow no man in his company whom he could not lick or whose name he could not pronounce.

A rookie just arrived has made the Sarge swallow his words on both counts.

He is private Peter Muleucis of Englewood, N. J., former pro football player with the New York Yankees and a heavyweight boxer with a record of 23 straight knockouts.

Warneke Goes Back to Cubs

CHICAGO—Long and lean Lon Warneke, veteran right-handed hurling star, is back with his old mates on the Chicago Cubs after an interlude with the St. Louis Cardinals.

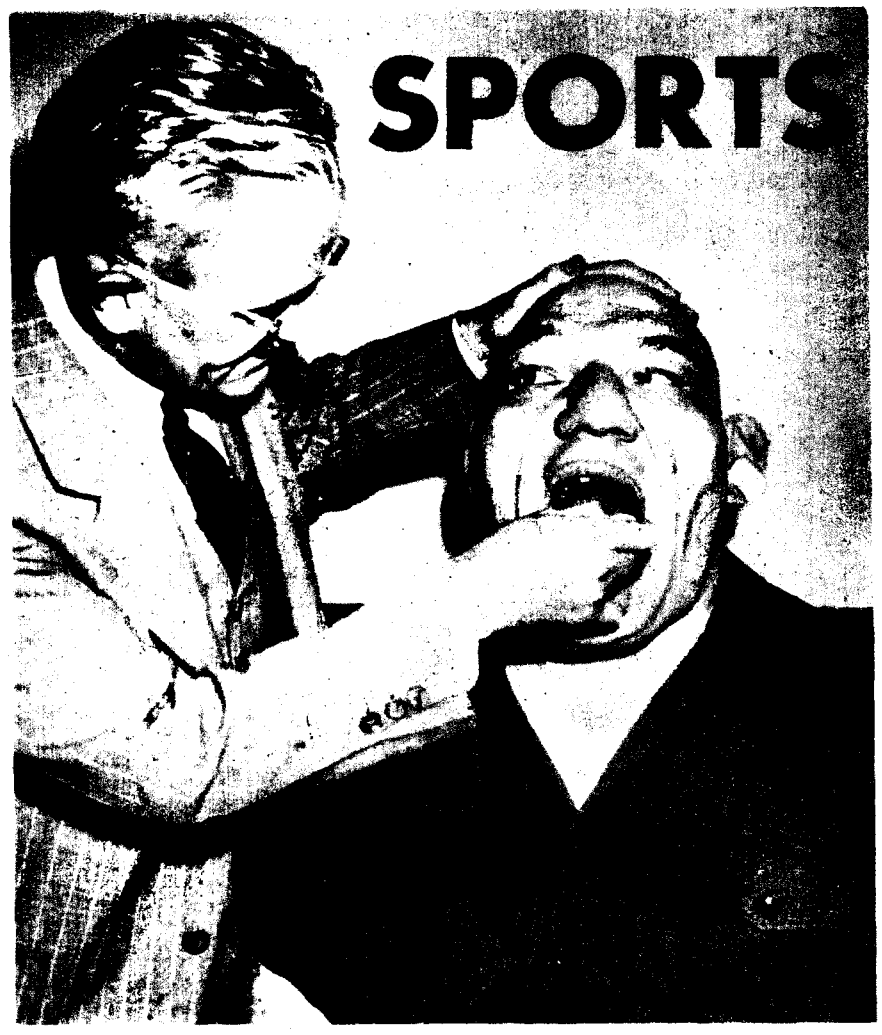
Placed on the waiver list by the Cards, the 33-year-old pitcher was quickly claimed by Manager Jimmy Wilson of Chicago, whose pitching staff sorely needed another starter. The price was the usual waiver tag of $7,500.

Warneke was one of the Cards' regular moundsmen and his sale by a team in the thick of a pennant race surprised everyone. He had won six games this season and only last year included a no-hit, no-run game in his record of 17 wins and 9 defeats.

Warneke was listed as the highest paid player on the Cardinal roster, drawing in the neighborhood of $15,000 this season. This is believed to be the reason for his sale, although Branch Rickey denied it.

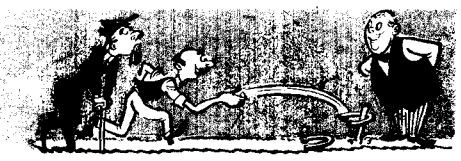
The St. Louis general manager said Warneke was traded to give some of the youngsters on the club a chance to start games.

SPORTS



ARMY GETS THE ANGEL—Maurice Tillet, better known to wrestling fans as "The Angel," gets a 1-A rating from his draft board doctor in Boston. Hitler will probably throw up his hands and quit when he sees The Angel coming at him in uniform.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



OMAHA — Sinclair Breakfield, star hurler for the Swifts in the Recreation Industrial League, tossed no-hit, and one-hit shutouts in his last two starts . . . Steve Skradski, local sandlot pitcher, is recovering in a hospital from a back operation . . . Frank Fochek, director of Union Pacific athletic activities for many years, has entered the Army.

GREEN BAY, Wis.—*Ernie Pannell, veteran tackle of the football Packers, became the fourth member of the team to sign up for the 1942 season . . . Marquette's chances for a big grid year took a nose dive when Bob McCahill and Jimmy Richardson, backfield aces, joined the Marine Corps . . . Major league scouts have been flocking around Vince Oddo, league-leading hitter of the Blue Jays.*

SAN FRANCISCO—Barbara Krase won the city tennis title by defeating Dorothy Head, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2. In the men's division, Bill Canning, seaman first class, won the finals match from Jack Jossi, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 . . . John Maugh, popular policeman, won medalist honors and a $25 War Bond by shooting 72-71—143 in the qualifier for the Northern California public vs. private team event . . . Everett Goulart, Crystal Springs pro, won the Northern California P. G. A. title, beating Harry Bassler of Los Altos, 2 and 1.

DETROIT — **Jockey Euclid LeBlanc, one of the leading riders of the current Detroit season, has been suspended for the balance of the meeting for alleged illegal tactics . . . The Central States rowing championship regatta has returned to the Detroit River course after a 13-years absence.**

CINCINNATI—Ed Iliff, chairman of the Greater Cincinnati A. A. U. swimming committee, is now a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve . . . Clem Crowe, grid coach of Xavier U., will be without assistants this fall. His two aides, Emmett Crowe and Joe Kruse, are in the armed forces.

IOWA CITY—*The University of Iowa has contributed eight of its athletic coaches to the Services, including Head Coaches Rollie Williams of basketball and Otto Vogel of baseball.*

RICHMOND, Va. — Cliff Miller and Bobby Cabell defeated Joe Kranitzky and Sam Woods, 8-6, 6-3, 6-3, to win the city men's doubles title at the Country Club of Virginia.

INDIANAPOLIS — **Betty Bemis won first place in the women's division of the annual YMCA river swim . . . Bill Reed, defending champion, was a first-round casualty in the city amateur golf tournament.**

CLEVELAND — Two new marks were set on closing day at Thistle Down when 19,000 fans bet $203,802 on the nags . . . Eugene Beecher of Cleveland Heights won the Ohio small-bore rifle crown at the 12th annual state championship shoot at Mt. Gilead . . . Mary Ann Herron of Country Club captured a playoff from City Champion Isabel Ogilvie of Oakwood for the Webb C. Ball trophy of the Cleveland Women's Golf Association.

Sports Here and There

For years rival baseball owners have been trying in vain to get something out of crafty **Clark Griffith's** wallet. Now they're laughing because the "Old Fox" had his pocket picked in a New York subway. . . . **Pete Bostwick**, the millionaire gentleman jockey and stable owner, is now with the cavalry at Fort Riley. . . . **Milt Shoffner**, who once struck out Ruth, Gehrig and Lazzeri in succession while pitching for the Cleveland Indians, is now tossing for the Camp Upton nine. He was with the Reds when they won the National League pennant in 1940.

Walter Johnson, Jr., son of the Big Train, is a bombardier cadet in Albuquerque. . . . **Bob Snyder**, quarterback and place-kicking star on the Chicago Bears, will teach the T-Formation to Notre Dame frosh next fall, succeeding **Bill Carney** who has been called by the Navy. . . . Also in the Navy is **Bob Giegengack**, Fordham track coach, **Ed Kosky** and **Nat Pierce**, the assistant football coaches. They will be succeeded at Rose Hill by **Artie O'Connor**, **Leo Paquin** and **Andy Palau**. . . . Fordham doesn't like Princeton playing Army and Navy in the Yankee Stadium this fall, because the Ram football business at the Polo Grounds might suffer.

Tim Clark, the old Harvard oarsman, tackle and poloist, is a captain in the army. . . . **Marius Russo** is reported through for the season and maybe for good. The Yank southpaw has a bad arm. . . . **Johnny Berardino** is back in baseball with the Browns after failing to make the grade as an Army pilot.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

(July 12)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Kansas City	50	34	.595	Minneapolis	43	45	.489
Columbus	43	38	.531	Indianapolis	42	45	.483
Milwaukee	44	41	.518	Toledo	40	47	.465
Louisville	42	43	.494	St Paul	38	49	.437

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

(July 12)

	W.	L.	Pct		W.	L.	Pct.
Newark	49	36	.576	Buffalo	40	44	.476
Jersey City	47	35	.573	Baltimore	37	42	.468
Montreal	47	37	.560	Syracuse	37	48	.435
Toronto	47	41	.534	Rochester	32	53	.376

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE

(July 12)

	W.	L.	Pct		W.	L.	Pct.
Sacramento	60	37	.619	Seattle	48	48	.500
Los Angeles	57	39	.594	Oakland	44	52	.458
San Diego	54	46	.540	Hollywood	42	59	.416
San Francisco	48	45	.516	Portland	33	60	.355

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SPORTS: CAN COLLEGE FOOTBALL HOLD ITS OWN UNDER WAR RESTRICTIONS?

BY CPL. JOE McCARTHY

The Yankees are only leading the American League by four games instead of 15 and Bob Feller is in the Navy and Eddie Miller of the Braves made an error the other day but major league baseball is substantially the same this summer as it was before Pearl Harbor. Visiting any ball park these balmy July afternoons, you wouldn't even know there was a war going on if it wasn't for the air raid warnings on the programs and the canteens under the stands where service men can buy peanuts for a nickel instead of the customary dime.

This is all a pleasant surprise and a great relief to Ed Barrow and Larry MacPhail and Tom Yawkey and Branch Rickey and the other major league magnates who didn't know where they stood last December 7th when that news came over the radio and shattered the Sunday afternoon peace and quiet.

Baseball has been very fortunate and now the big business of college football is earnestly hoping and praying that it will be half as lucky this coming fall. The campus athletic associations are lying awake nights wondering about the gridiron picture. They are sweating it out.

Gridiron Future Shaky

Football is the breadwinner in the average big university, the sugar daddy that brings in the money in bunches and keeps the other sports on the undergraduate athletic program fed and clothed. It buys the balls for the lacrosse players and the bats for the jay-vee baseball squad and sends the mile relay team to the State Championships.

Without football gate receipts, the whole college sports set-up will suffer and it looks as though the football gate receipts are due for a kick in the teeth this fall.

First of all, the big name stars and the big name coaches that draw the crowds are leaving to join the armed forces. Then there are other things brought on by the war, such as gasoline rationing in the East which will discourage the old grads who used to slip a picnic lunch and a quart of Scotch into the back seat and drive up to New Haven or Ithaca or Princeton on an October Saturday morning.

On the West Coast there are army regulations against gathering big crowds that moved the last Rose Bowl game from Pasadena to North Carolina.

But There's Still Hope

The colleges are hopeful, however. The Ivy and the big league Non-Ivy teams in the East expect to overcome the gasoline problem by moving the more important games from the rural atmosphere of old school tie tradition into the metropolitan ball parks where they can be reached by subway.

Princeton, for instance, plans to meet Annapolis and West Point at the Yankee Stadium instead of in picturesque Palmer Stadium on its New Jersey campus. Cornell and Dartmouth have shifted their game from Ithaca to Buffalo and Navy will play Columbia at Baltimore, rather than at Annapolis.

Notre Dame, anticipating possible gasoline rations in the Mid-West, has transferred its Navy date from South Bend to Cleveland and the Holy Cross-Dartmouth game will take place at Worcester, instead of Hanover. And so on.

The Pacific Coast colleges were greatly encouraged by the recent announcement that the Army will permit its Western All-Star eleven to play the Washington Redskins at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Aug. 30, before a crowd of 105,000 spectators.

Coast May Allow Crowds

The Army didn't say 105,000 in so many words, or rather in so many numbers, but that's what the Coliseum holds and since the game will benefit the relief fund, the authorities would naturally like to fill it. That is exactly 100,000 more people than the Army has permitted to attend any sports or public gathering on the Coast so far this year

Jim Crowley Coaches The Navy Flyers Now

so it looks as though the ban on big crowds is being lifted.

If that's the case, Southern California, Stanford and the others out there will be able to breathe again. They were on the verge of throwing football in the ash can for the duration.

The problem created by lack of stars and coaches who have gone into the service may be solved, too. The armed forces, who took away big name glamour from college football, may give it back again in another form by supplying a new kind of gridiron attraction—the service football teams.

Fordham, for example, lost its Coach, Sleepy Jim Crowley, and two assistants, Ed Kosky and Nat Pierce, to the Navy. The Navy will repay the debt by sending Crowley, Kosky and Pierce back to the Polo Grounds November 28 with their Navy Pre-Flight School eleven from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, to play Fordham in a game that should be a fine gate attraction.

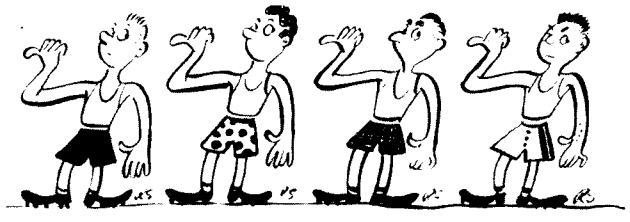
Service Teams Meet Colleges

Crowley's naval air cadets have also booked games this fall with Harvard, Temple, Boston College, Syracuse, North Carolina State, Georgetown, Manhattan and Colgate. They should be a considerable help in bolstering the financial standing of the athletic associations at those institutions, because their line-up is sure to include many well-known names.

Chapel Hill won't be the only big-time service football team this fall. The Navy will put other aggregations in action and the Army may have a few outfits besides West Point represented in the collegiate stadiums during October and November.

But these are only possibilities. The football set-up this fall is too indefinite for the athletic associations to enjoy complete comfort and peace of mind.

And somebody has to send that mile relay team to the State Championships next January.



U. S. May Rent Country Clubs

CHICAGO — America's swank golf clubs may be turned into emergency and convalescent hospitals for the armed forces.

There's a movement underway to change locker room and pro shop space into rest cure wards for soldiers and sailors. It would be agreeable with most golf clubs, too, because many of them are facing bankruptcy with golfers either serving in the armed forces or lacking leisure time and transportation to keep up the game.

Advantages

But by renting themselves to the government, the clubs could exist safely for the duration of the war.

There are many advantages to using golf clubs as hospitals. Their locations are generally remote from possible bomb areas and they would provide pleasant surroundings for recuperating war patients.

The Army, Navy and Red Cross have authorized a survey of available golf clubs, and questionnaires have been sent all over the country to see how the clubs feel about the plan.

G. I. Wins Western Golf Championship

SPOKANE—Cpl. Pat Abbott, an ex-Hollywood bit player now in the Army, is the new Western Amateur golf champion. He won the title by beating Bruce McCormick, a Los Angeles fireman, 7 and 6, in the 36 hole final.

The soldier played championship golf all through the tournament, covering 118 holes in six days, 10 under par, with 21 birdies and 10 boogies. He took possession of a huge silver trophy and pocketed a $100 War Bond for his efforts.

Jock Sutherland Quits Football to Join Navy

PITTSBURGH — Dr. John B. (Jock) Sutherland, head football coach of the Brooklyn Dodgers professional eleven, is the latest big-time athletic figure to be sworn into the Naval Reserve. He is a lieutenant commander.

Sutherland, who gained fame as mentor of the great Pittsburgh teams from 1924 to 1938, has turned over the coaching job at Brooklyn to Mike Getto, a former player of his at Pitt.

A's Wallop Fort Dix

FORT DIX—Connie Mack's Athletics treated 5,000 soldiers here to a display of big-league power as they pounded out 24 hits, including three home runs, to defeat the Fort Dix nine, 17 to 6.

Shortstop Jack Wallaesa, formerly a member of the A's, was the only soldier to show much at the plate, banging out a double and two singles.

Sasse on Active Duty

FORT KNOX—Lieut. Col. Ralph I. Sasse, former head grid coach at West Point, has been recalled to active duty here at the Armored Force Replacement Training Center. He coached the Army from 1930 to 1933 and retired from the service at his own request in 1940.

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Dodgers Burn Up Nat. League

Red Sox Stick Close to Yankees As Season Hits Home Stretch

NEW YORK—Here was the picture in the middle of July as the Major League baseball teams battled in the second half of their pennant races:

The Dodgers, with a huge nine-game lead, were invading the home grounds of the western clubs in an effort to all but mathematically clinch the National League title for the second year in succession.

In the American League, the Yankees, also seeking a repeat pennant, were home for an extended stay in which they sought to lengthen their four and one-half game lead over the Boston Red Sox.

Red Sox Threaten

The proud New York club collapsed on its recent road trip, but pulled itself together considerably to win five of seven games in the East. This included two out of three games from the Red Sox at Boston.

But the Sox, not to be outdone, were hanging on closely and opened their home stand against Western teams by taking three straight from Detroit and were looking ahead to St. Louis, Cleveland and Chicago, all cousins in Fenway Park.

Whether the Red Sox were going to overtake the Yankees depended on the hitting of the world champions. Their hurling staff was performing capably despite Ernie Bonham's three straight losses. Spud Chandler, Red Ruffing and Hank Borowy were all winning again.

Yank Hitting Weak

Charlie Keller and Joe DiMaggio started to regain their hitting eyes to some degree but their averages were still below the .300 mark. Joe Gordon, whose first-half batting kept the Yankees in the lead, had started to slip and Buddy Hassett and Frankie Crosetti, carrying the burden of slugging, had faded completely.

The one bright note in the Yankee picture was the return to uniform of Catchers Bill Dickey and Buddy Rosar, both out for a spell with injuries. Dickey's ability to hit in the clutch especially is needed.

The Cleveland Indians were still regarded as a potential threat to the Yankees and Red Sox, being seven games off the pace-setters. But without a Bob Feller to count on for a sure-fire pitching performance every fourth day, the Tribe can't close that gap.

Cardinals Rally

In the National League, the Cardinals came out of the nose dive that the Dodgers had put them into last month at Brooklyn. The Red Birds won five in a row and nine in 11 before Carl Hubbell and the Giants defeated them July 11.

Despite this surge of their rivals, the Dodgers did not lose any ground. They rolled up seven victories in their last nine games. The Bums got top-notch pitching from Larry French, Whit Wyatt. Curt Davis and Kirby Higbe. And Pete Reiser and Joe Medwick were still powdering the apple.

BOMBER IN CAVALRY—Cpl. Joe Louis trains on horseback at Fort Riley.

Too Big For Army But Not For Chicago Bears

CHICAGO — Clint Wagner couldn't get into the Army because he stands 6 feet, 6¼ inches and weighs 224 pounds. They don't want soldiers that big.

But the Chicago Bears want pro football players with those measurements. They signed him up as soon as he was rejected by the U. S.

$6,500 for G.I. Sports

BUFFALO—Picked teams of the International League met here in an all-star game with the southern nine, consisting of players from Newark, Jersey City, Baltimore and Syracuse, defeating the northern club, chosen from Montreal, Buffalo, Toronto and Rochester, by a 6 to 1 score. Net proceeds of $6,500 went to baseball's Bat and Ball Fund for service men.

COOPER PLAYS GEHRIG—A rookie named Lou Gehrig takes a ride from Babe Ruth and the other Yankee veterans. Only this is Gary Cooper playing the part of Gehrig in the new movie, "The Spirit of the Yankees."

Judge Suggests Dodgers Do Away With Organ and Let Barber Sing

BROOKLYN—J. Reid Spencer, a 70-year-old retired music teacher who lives on Lefferts Avenue near Ebbets Field, doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit."

The music from Larry MacPhail's organ at the Dodger ball games floats into Mr. Spencer's apartment and drives him nuts. Three times he asked the court to have the thing toned down but got no result. Last week he was back to complain again. The Bums will give him peace and quiet or else, he says.

"I am a Dodger rooter, Your Honor," he declared in Flatbush court. "I love ball games and I love music but this stuff from the organ —phooey, phooey, phooey!"

Court Dislikes It, Too

The magistrate who sat on the case, Abner Surpless, was inclined to agree with Mr. Spencer.

"Tell me, councilor," he asked the Dodger attorney, "do you charge for the concerts your club gives at Ebbets Field?"

"No, your honor," said the attorney. "We only charge for the games."

"Well, sir," continued the court, "I go to see the Dodgers play but I go there to see a good ball game. If I want to hear good music, I go to the Philharmonic concert. The two don't mix. Did your club hold a referendum to see if the fans want music?"

Why Not Red Barber?

"No, judge. However, we start all games with the playing of the Star Spangled Banner," replied the attorney.

"Why don't you have Red Barber sing it?" asked the court.

The attorney had no answer. The court then directed Mr. Spencer to make out a complaint, charging John Collins, the Dodger program director, with violating Section 181 of the Sanitary Code, for "having contributed to an act that is detrimental to the health" of Mr. Spencer and "interfering with his repose."

Collins pleaded not guilty and a hearing was set for a later date. Mr. Spencer is going to fight this thing out if it takes him all summer.

Two Pirates Swapped For Minneapolis Star

PITTSBURGH—The Pirates have swapped two infielders for Shortstop Eugene (Huck) Geary of the Minneapolis Millers in the American Association.

Manager Frank Frisch handed the Millers Stu Martin outright and loaned Alf Anderson under option to get Geary. He plans to use the minor league star in the Pirates' line-up immediately.

LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF JULY 13)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	Detroit	St. Louis	Chicago	Philadelphia	Washington	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	7	6	5	9	9	8	9	53	28	.654	—
Boston	4	—	7	10	6	6	6	9	48	32	.600	4½
Cleve.	5	3	—	5	6	8	13	9	49	36	.576	6
Detroit	7	4	8	—	7	6	7	6	45	41	.523	10½
St. Louis	4	5	6	5	—	8	6	6	40	43	.482	14
Chicago	3	3	3	5	4	—	7	9	34	45	.430	18
Phila.	4	6	4	6	5	4	—	6	35	54	.393	22
Wash'ton	1	4	2	5	6	4	7	—	29	54	.349	25
Lost	28	32	36	41	43	45	54	54	—	—		

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Chicago	Pittsburgh	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	5	11	6	9	6	9	10	56	23	.709	—
St. Louis	4	—	5	11	8	6	7	6	47	30	.610	8
Cincin.	5	6	—	3	4	8	10	8	44	37	.543	13
New York	5	4	7	—	7	6	7	6	42	40	.512	15½
Chicago	2	4	6	6	—	7	7	8	40	44	.476	18½
Pittsburgh	3	4	3	6	5	—	6	10	37	41	.474	18½
Boston	2	5	1	5	9	4	—	10	36	50	.419	23½
Phila.	2	2	4	3	2	4	4	—	21	58	.266	35
Lost	23	30	37	40	44	41	50	58	—	—		

LEAGUE LEADERS
(As of July 13)

LEADING BATTERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	G	AB.	R.	H	PC.
Williams, Boston	80	276	73	95	.344
Gordon, New York	78	290	39	98	.338
Doerr, Boston	73	286	36	96	.336
Pesky, Boston	75	310	49	101	.326
Fleming, Cleveland	86	307	46	99	.322

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	G	AB.	R.	H	PC.
Reiser, Brooklyn	68	264	54	94	.356
Medwick, Brooklyn	74	283	39	97	.343
Lombardi, Boston	65	183	20	61	.333
Musial, St. Louis	65	214	45	66	.308
Fletcher, Pittsburgh	73	250	47	76	.304

HOME-RUN HITTERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston ..18 | DiMaggio, N. Y. ... 12
York, Detroit .....14 | Laabs, St. Louis 12

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Mize, New York ...15 | Camilli, Brooklyn ..12
Ott, New York 12

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston...82 | DiMaggio, N. Y.....58
Doerr, Boston.....59 | Stephens, St. Louis..58

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Mize, New York...67 | Elliott, Pitts. 56
Medwick, Bklyn. ..57

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This Roster Points a Moral

See what we have here.

We have here one of the prettiest collections of social successes ever got together on one page. Certainly, the prettiest the Army has ever seen. These joes are colossal. They have their whole outfit eating out of their hands.

None of them uses Lifebuoy, Listerine or Kreml. Most of them think that Dale Carnegie is the guy who built the libraries. They have dishpan hands, tattletale gray, lordosis and gaposis. What's more, they don't give a damn.

They have all the friends they can take care of already.

This happy warrior is **Corporal Ethelbert Kramer.** He comes of one of the best families in New Haven and there is always fruit to eat in his house, even when no one is sick. He is the social arbiter of the outfit and when one of the men gets invited to dinner with the minister's family in town, he always comes to Ethelbert for information about which fork to use when and what to do with parsley and fingerbowls. Ethelbert is a godsend to his outfit.

This one is **Private Louie Bartlett.** Louie used to be president of the Young Democrats Club back in Springfield and knows more dirty jokes than any three men between here and headquarters. He can also reel off limericks by the hour and he has four variations on the young monk from Siberia. He keeps the lieutenant in stitches. Louie is really a card.

Sergeant Hughie Parkinson parts his hair in the middle and even has a wolfish leer, but the girls go for him in a big way. All of his steady girl friends have other girl friends, so Hughie knows every babe in town by her first name and all the girls think he is very hot stuff. He can fix you up with practically anything, sweet or hot. He is quite free with his telephone numbers and even knows a number of babes who don't have a telephone. Hughie is popular as all get out.

Dimples Dennington is our first cook. Everyone loves him so much that he is most always happy and the chow is most always good. When he is not happy the chow is lousy and he gives all the KP's hell. This usually happens on the week-ends when we are on KP. Since Dimples can make the food good or bad and the KP horrible or pleasant, all the men in the outfit go miles out of their way to show him how much they like him and how glad they are to have him with us.

Then there is **Sergeant Kenneth Mulrooney,** who is a bigger man to the topkick than the Old Man is himself. Kenneth comes from the same town as the topkick's wife and they used to play jackstones together on the pavement when they were kids. He and the top's wife are just like that. The top is highly impressed by anyone who

can get along with his wife and puts a lot of stock in what Kenneth says. Only last week he took two men off KP at Kenneth's suggestion. Kenneth's popularity with the boys is unbelievable.

No roster of social lions would be anywhere near complete without **Private Thomas Montgomery Mulver** and **S/Sgt. Tullio Spumoni.** They work in the public relations office. Thomas is a big reporter with red hair and Tullio is a little photographer who runs around with him all the time. Thomas writes stories for the boys' hometown papers. If he likes you, he makes you sound like the top man in the outfit. If he doesn't, he doesn't write anything at all. If Tullio doesn't like you, he makes pictures that are gray and fuzzy and the managing editor back home will look at them and say, "Oh, my God!" and throw them in the wastepaper basket. Whenever anybody gets a package of peanut brittle in the mail, Thomas and Tullio get their share first. They always take too much, but nobody wants to be down on their lists.

But the most popular man in the whole outfit is **Private Willis Wallace.**

Willis Wallace is five-feet-four, very skinny and sort of drooped-over looking. He has straight brown hair and shifty eyes and dirty teeth. He is one of the sorriest looking humans you have ever seen.

Willis was in the outfit for over a year before anybody paid any attention to him. He had none of the social graces, he didn't know any funny stories or even any dirty ones, he never had any money, he was on top of the top sergeant's nasty-list and he couldn't get your name or picture in the papers back home. Hell, he couldn't even get his own name in his high school paper when he was voted least likely to succeed.

Willis Wallace was regarded by one and all as merely a drip.

The top kick gave him a job as fireman, latrine orderly and handy man around the place and looked around for an even worse job.

But look at him now. Things are different now for Willis.

Now he is the social leader of the outfit. Everybody says hello to him at breakfast, everybody invites him to town and half the time he has a bellyache from too much peanut brittle.

He is no longer fireman, latrine orderly and handy man around the place. He drives the Old Man's car now, and is slated for corporal.

He is still a sorry sight and worse company, but the boys have swarmed around him like flies on a garbage wagon since a month ago, when his spectacular social rise began.

Why is all this, you ask?

A month ago, Private Willis Wallace's uncle gave him a subscription to Yank.

MORAL:

Don't wait for your uncle to send you a subscription to YANK. Put your "Willis Wallace" on the dotted line, send this coupon and 75 cents to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City, and we'll mail you 26 issues—one every week for six months.

Full name and rank _____

A.P.O. _____

Organization _____

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